This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3150

1. No subject

N B 1

Holm

LEAFLETS

—FROM—

Native Woods.

BY H. M. HOLMES.

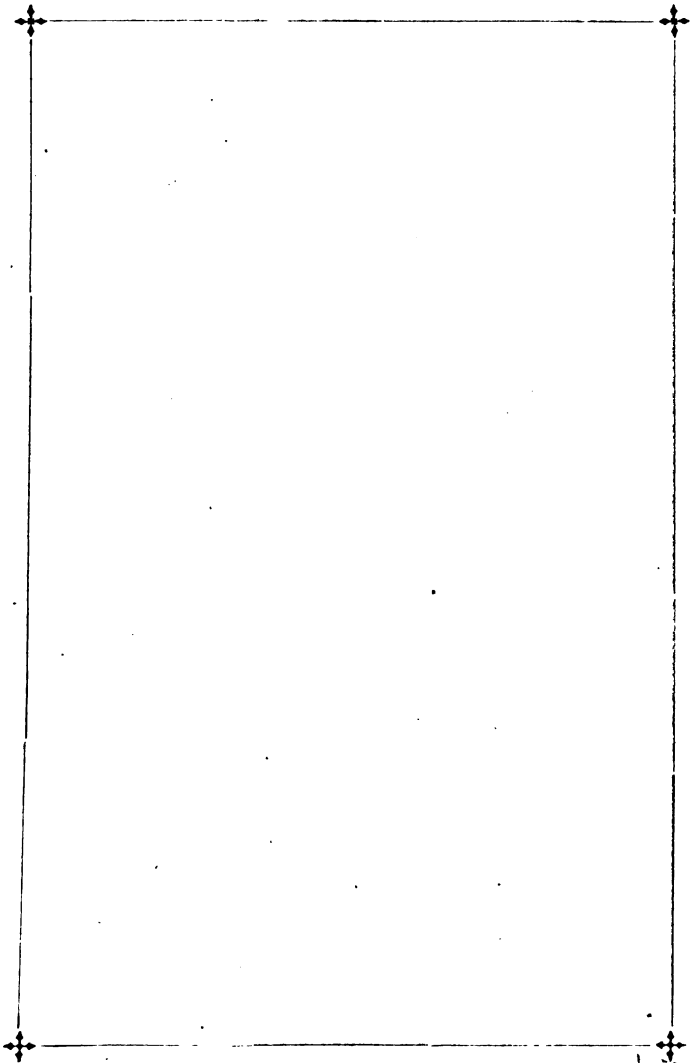
Every life is a book—Experiences are leaves.

"As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man."

CAMBRIDGE, ILLS.:
B. W. SEATON, PRINTER, CHIEF OFFICE.
1883.

3500

T. No subject



N 31

H.

Katie 143
Lessons of the Rain 19
Lillian 29
Lines accompanying a child's daguerreotype 43
Loss and Gain 62
Little Nora 65
Lulu 82
Little Rosa 95
Little Nellie 101
Looking Forward 112
Louisa 120
Lift up your eyes 172
My Eighteenth Birthday 9
Mother, dear Mother, kiss me 14
March 31
Motherless 70
Memories 91
Musings 115
Moss by the wayside 146
May 147
Morning 157
"Memento Mori" 175
My Princess 241
Now and Then 60
Oh! call me Nellie 25
Our Geologist 58
On a Gift of Flowers 98
Orange Blossoms 103
Ode to 1859 109
Our Brother 141
Opportunity 179
Open Sesame 213
Prayer of the Dying 113
Pilgrims 114
Picnic, July 4th, 1861 165
"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ 196
Parody 222
Request 44
Retrospective 50
Resignation 64
Remonstrance 110
Raillery 175
Resurrection 177
School-girls' good-night 12
Stay, old year! 18
Susie 48
Snow 108
Spirit vigor 123
Sunset, August 22nd 129
"She goeth to the grave to weep there" 134
Summer 174
September 18th, 1872 193
Sleeping 204
Song of the Lilies 245
The Unexpected Guest 125
The Robin's Plea 6
To my Husband 27
The Laborer 33
"Through Nature up to Nature's God" 73
"There is a time to die" 85
To my friend Eliza 92
Tryst 97
"They shall walk with me in white" 106
To C—— 119
The memory of the just is blessed 122
To F and M 130
To the four Motherless Ones 131
"The silver cord is loosed" 140
The great rebellion. 1860 158
To One in Camp 168
To Ida 181
To Lillian 191
"The steps of faith fall on the void and find the rocks beneath" 195
Twin Immortals 203
To my dear boy 209
Temperance campaign song 215
The Legend of the Leaves 231
To-morrow 246
"Using as not Abusing" 206
Welcome 77
Welcome to April 133
Watchman! what of the night? 166
With the gift of a fanciful cross 206
We live by Deeds 236
Young Climbers 94
1861 164
1825—1875 207

INVOCATION.

Come! gentle Muse, whose potent spell,
O'er field and prairie, wood and dell,
Hung from my early childhood days
My own New England's dreamy haze;
Like her blue summits, which appear
To mount and blend in upper sphere;
Thy fantasies in wayside walks—
Suggestions thine in simple talks—
Lifted many a hillock low
To simulate the mountain's brow,
And bent the glory of the sky
Through rainbow-tinted ministry;
I cull thy flowers along the path,
Some starry blooms the valley hath—
More, heavy with the dew of tears
Droop like Spring's early harbingers;
Come, twine them with a subtle grace,
Give each its fitting form and place,
Among the modest borders let
Some fragrant immortelle be set,
That through the fading symbol yet,
Heart may to heart perpetuate
The living sympathy which claims
Infinite kinship—heavenly aims—
And love, which tips each cloudy night
With the gilt edge of perfect light.

THE ROBIN'S PLEA.

Come, now, and take your pay
  Out of my tuneful throat,
For fruit you so deplore;
  Hark! would you change that note?

Up in this sheltered nook
  My little mate and I,
Our modest leaf-thatched hut
  Constructed quietly.

And while the fabric grew
  With honestest intent,
Right early every morn
  We paid our daily rent.

We hung the slender wall
  With its soft lining round,
And then, adventurously,
  Glanced out to view the ground.

Among the spreading boughs
  These cherries, rosy-cheeked,
A week or more have been
  Playing at hide and seek.

We tasted them, of course,
  With innocent, bird-like trust,
Grateful, we thought perchance
  You planted them for us.

And as abroad I flew
  To feast my wondering eyes
On nature, and to take
  Some healthful exercise,

Sweet berries I espied,
  Shaped like your thimble, Miss,
And many a dainty meal
  They've given me ere this.

Those currants, white and red,
  Hanging so plenteonsly,
I surely thought there were
  Enough for you and me.

And while your garden fed
  Our modest appetite,
Unto another sense
  We ministered delight.

Waking our choicest songs
  Each swift succeeding day,
Enlivening your toil
  With sweetest melody.

Away on yonder tree
  Owned by your neighbor, there,

I saw the cherries thick
  As ever green leaves were.

And over all there hung
  A delicate fleecy net,
With wonder, ill concealed,
  Questioned the use of it.

Suspended by a cord,
  A little pendent bell
Discoursed, at sundry times
  Sounds sweet and musical.

But these conveniences
  I now begin to see
Were not the kind attentions
  They were supposed to be,

For once my daily round
  As I essayed to take,
I heard a murmuring voice
  In tones none could mistake,

Saying, "these saucy birds
  Will all this fruit destroy ;
Oh ! dear ! my very life
  They constantly annoy."

Then followed hasty words
  And harsher epithets,
Such as one having heard
  Not easily forgets.

Surprised and greatly shocked,
  Conscious of honest mind,
I plead, I have not been
  At all to theft inclined.

'Tis but a fair exchange,
  And well and wisely planned,
That we, in turn for favor
  Some service render man.

And may the great All-Father
  Appreciation give,
E'en of the humblest creatures
  His bounty makes to live.

MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

What is this mystery that broods
Over Nature? Winter no longer reigns,—
But earth and sky are heavy with portent;
Some subtle force seems wrestling with this vast
Inertia; not the threatening earthquake,
But a change as absolute, silently
Creeps through the deep arteries of our great
Common mother, and this March morn is all
Aquiver with the tremulous thrill

Of new awakening life. No bud—no leaf—
But from a giant heart the vital
Current of a living world connects
Through countless pulses. Steadily the wondrous
Organism perfects its circulation.
Sweet and sacred is this ominous hush
To those who year on year tenderly kept
The birthdays of the violets, and learned
The tokens by which the ferns unfurl their
Curious fronds. With what expectant joy
Our conscious hearts throb through this dormant
Period, detecting in clouds and winds
Harbingers of animate loveliness,
Strength, and power. How great and rich in reserved
Resources the friend whom we call Nature;
Is there in human life something akin
To her's? Is this forecast of earnestness
Analogous to the mysterious
Possession of inert matter by some
Mighty soul? Is then my dream of girlhood
Broken? Is it time to lay aside the dear
Delights of childhood hours for sterner tasks?
Woman hath work to do. The world hath need
Of diligent hands and loving hearts,
But something pleads not yet. Others have left
Flowery paths and hastened forth to chosen
Toil. Not yet! not yet! Oh! little wicket

Enclosing my pleasant play ground, why swing
Outward so soon into a wilderness
Of unexplored fields and doubtful paths? Oh,
Life instinct with mystery, must I meet
Thy serious visage hence, which like this
Great still earth clasps myriad purposes
To wait development? I thought to cull
Wild roses this year also. True, they faded
In my hand while I remembered how Ruth
Went gleaning 'mid the summer sheaves.
Strange thoughts
Astir like hidden rootlets intimate
That life must grow. Nothing goes backward save
To blight and loss.

This mellow mold is rich
In prophecy. I will arise and follow—
I will take my place among the maidens
Who humbly glean the precious scattered
Grain.

SCHOOL-GIRLS' GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, teacher; gently falls
  This sweet sound at close of day,
And the school room's hallow'd walls
  Echoing the music say
                Good night.

Good night, Mary; softly still
  Lingers it on lips we love,
Sending through our hearts a thrill
  As we swiftly homeward move,
                Good night.

Good night, Ellen; Fanny, too,
  With a heart-warm smile we greet,
Dart the loving glances through
  As bright lips in parting meet,
                Good night.

Good night, Emma, sweet and clear
  Musically floats along,
Nellie and Louisa dear,
  With a strain of murmur'd song
                Good night.

Good night quavers at my side—
  Quickly turning, I espy
Hannah's form retreating hide—
  'Tis her bird-like tones which say
                Good night.

Good night roguish Addie breathes
  With a shy mischievous glance,
And the merry smiles which wreathe
  In each rosy dimple dance
                Good night.

Good night sisters, one and all,
  Teachers, brothers, hear us say;
Lo! the fading sunbeams fall—
  Wearily declines the day,
                Good night.

Kindly greeting, radiant smile,
  Loving glance, and they are gone—
Silence reigns a little while
  Broken by to-morrow morn,
                Good night.

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, KISS ME.

Mother, dear Mother, kiss me,
  I'm very sad to-day—
Close to your bosom press me
  And drive this cloud away;
When I was a wee lass, Mother,
  You hushed my infant cry
With words of comfort on your lips,
  And kissed me tenderly—

The day is changed now, Mother,
  And many years have flown,
But my heart keeps time, Mother,
  To beating of your own;
Whenever the shadows gather,
  Or when the waves are wild,
I turn my shallop toward home
  And am again a child.

Many are the friends, Mother,
  The sunny Summer brings,
Time is fleet, and life is sweet
  When floating upon wings;

But when chill days come, Mother,
  And butterflies have flown,
We need one loving heart, Mother,
  That we can lean upon.

Then kiss me, Mother, kiss me,
  For I am full of tears,
Nor can I give any cause
  For these oppressive fears:
So soothe me as you used, Mother,
  Before I ever knew
That every sorrow in the world
  Could not be shared by you.

As one his Mother comforts
  Let me be lulled to sleep,
I'll braver be to-morrow
  If you my vigil keep;
My dear long-suffering Mother,
  How dark the world would be
If to the shelter of your love
  I never more could flee.

"HE HATH MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN ITS SEASON."

He biddeth the young Spring-time
  With mild and balmy breath,
Break o'er the world in gladness,
  Through Winter's dreary death.
'Mid life outgushing freely
  While birds are carolling,
Intoxicate we murmur
  "Give us perennial spring!"
We dream, while skies are smiling—how
    brief the day!
We wake! the glory fading, passes away.

He biddeth Summer blossom,
  And wear a blooming crown,
'Mid the woodlands and the meadows
  Where Spring's first glory shone;
He weaveth rosy garlands
  And flingeth at our feet—
And Spring is but a child, beside
  The blooming maid complete;
Entranced, we gather her offerings rare
And renew our vows to the Summer fair.

He biddeth golden Autumn
  Steal o'er the waving fields,
And rich abundant harvest
  The fruitful season yields;
A bright and gorgeous landscape
  Is by His bounty spread
With fruit of every flavor
  And leaf of every shade:
Over a beautiful world hath Autumn sway—
We acknowledge our monarch—our tribute pay.

He biddeth hoary Winter
  With chill and icy hand
Come sweeping o'er the water,
  Come gliding o'er the land.
He stringeth pearls in clusters,
  Glitters in jewels rare,
And dazzled by his splendor
  A welcome we prepare:
Despite his frozen coming, spread we his throne—
And Winter reigns o'er us—king of all alone.

Yea, all things have a season
  And in their time rejoice,
Praising their Great Creator
  With one united voice.
Alike the cloud-capp'd mountain,
  Alike the valleys raise
In everlasting echo
  A tribute to His praise:

Let man crowning creation, superior honor
bring
Nature's beneficent Source — of kings the
King.

STAY, OLD YEAR!

Stay, old year—let thy little sail
Stem the swift returnless tide,
Blossoms of marvelous loveliness
I left waving on yon hill-side;
Amaranth leaves of fadeless hues,
Merchandise in yonder port,
With rich odors and spices embalmed
Offerings fitting its royal court.

Stay, old year—there are priceless gems
Glimmering back thy dusty way,
Sadly relaxing, this feeble grasp
Scattered a shining store to-day;
Oh! let me now with earnest step
Carefully the path retrace,
Laden anew, with precious freight
Joyfully thy passage haste.

Stay, old year—there are pages dim
Blotted too in memory,
Ere is added the final seal
Let me revise thy history;

Give me but back the spotless blank,
  Wasted drops of the crimson fount,
Swiftly then shall this winged shaft
  Deeds of mercy and love recount.

Hark! 'tis the dip of the boatman's oar
  Launches boldly the tiny craft,
Favoring gales blow over me
  Gazing regretfully abaft;
Never more by those radiant shores
  Shall the restless mariner ride,
Coursing onward the viewless track
  Farther adown the river glides.
12th hour, 31st day, 12th month.

LESSONS OF THE RAIN.

Patter, patter, hear the footsteps
  Of the gentle rain,
Improvising fitful music
  On the window pane,
Lower the skies but yester morn
  Radiant and fair,
Glimmering grey and distantly
  Through the upper air.

Myriad crystal drops adorn
  The dismantled trees,

Other myriad lightly ripple
  Miniature seas:
Sparkling cascades, whose fleet mission
  Distances our sight,
Flowing through ten thousand channels
  Limitless as light.

'Neath the sheltering protection
  Of my humble home,
Where the sun of love is shining
  Heed I not the storm:
Save a tender thought of pity
  And of helpless pain,
For misfortune's children wandering
  In this Winter rain.

Sterner storm-clouds oft encompass
  With their sullen dread,
Beating merciless and heavy
  Some defenceless head;
Frosts of cheerless discontent
  Chill Life's hardiest flowers,
Driving sleet and hail of scorn
  Banish summer hours.

Rivulets whose sweet intent
  To enrich and bless,
Ice-bound, shiver 'neath the dense
  Mist of selfishness;
Sparks ignited from the flame
  Of Divinity,

'Neath Earth's sordid ashes hide
  Ignominiously.

But the Spring is surely coming—
  Her inspiring breath
Vivifies with wondrous vigor
  Nature's seeming death.
Snows depart—and icy thrall
  Yields the sceptred hand,
A new resurrection
  Now awaits the land.

Shall we from the dormant state
  Of inaction rise,
Fling the portals of our hearts
  Wide to sunny skies,
While the gentle showers of Truth
  Love's young buds recruit,
Nourish their delightful bloom
  Up to perfect fruit.

DO THEY MISS ME AT SCHOOL?

Do they miss me at school? do they miss me,
As gather lov'd faces at morn,
And Earth is unconsciously gilded
With sunlight, so rosy and warm,
Do there linger soft eyes at the windows
And voices unspeakably dear,
As turning away half regretful
Murmur, "Oh! how I wish she was here."

Do they miss me at school? do they miss me,
As merrily pealeth the chime,
And the lightest of footsteps obeying
Hasten home at the noon's golden prime;
Does some lov'd one turn back a moment
And muse of a bright Winter's day,
When as now she had paused with the question,
"Is there no one that's going my way?"

Do they miss me at school? do they miss me,
As warm greetings fly quickly around,
And arms that instinctively open
Round precious ones quickly are wound;

Is there ever a break in the circle—
  A link wanting in that sister chain,
Or do the young hearts cluster closer
  Nor ever an absent one name?

Do they miss me at school? do they miss me,
  It were sweet to be tenderly loved
By those who through sunshine and shadow
  Kindred spirits have truthfully prov'd;
Oh! what can e'er rival in vigor
  The sentiment, healthful and sweet,
Uniting affections of school girls,
  Endearing the place where they meet.

Do they miss me at school? do they miss me,
  Would they welcome my presence again,
And the lovelight come back to each bright eye
  As sweetly it beamed on me then;
Would they grasp with the warmest of pressures
  My hand, and smile on me too?
Then know as a tribute returning
  Beloved ones, I oft think of you.

INSCRIBED

ON A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF A FAIR GIRL WITH HARP IN HAND.

Why sittest thou with such pensive air, fair
Sappho? Is thy harp not in tune that thus
Thy pliant fingers idly sweep its strings?
Methinks thine upward look invokes some
Spirit-presence to inspire thy music.
Is it with chastened joy, or tender
Sorrow, that thou seekest expression in song?
Is it a lay of olden melody
Or a sweet girlish sonnet of thine own?
Carelessly float thy dark luxuriant
Ringlets from their flowery band, drooping
In shining clusters on thy graceful neck,
Flows in soft folds thy light loose robe;

Lift thy
Mild eye, enchantress, nor wander more
Through labyrinths of song till I shall
Somewhat ask. Tell me, dost thou ne'er
breathe
Thy heart's own deep impassioned eloquence

Upon these strings? Wind they not closely
round
Thy life, linked with its dearest joys, its
fondest
Hopes? Open thy lips one moment, unveil
A little of this mystery that shrouds
Thee unto me.

Ah! why waste sentiment
On pictures—they are dumb to all our
Pleadings for heart history, passive, inert,
But yet their mute appeal of attitude,
Or face, reveals secrets of other lives
And with significance mirrors our own.

OH! CALL ME NELLIE.

Oh! call me Nellie; let the accents fall
So pleasantly upon my listening ear,
That dearly loved home voices musical
With tender cadence I shall seem to hear;
I would not that ye seek more studied phrase,
Or with formal politeness near me come,
Habit the stranger in primitive grace,
And simple manners of the olden home.

Yes, call me Nellie; with that charmed sound
A flood of tenderness is wont to flow,
I muse of glad young faces clustering round
With each sweet lip upturned where'er I go;
My Father though he speaks it not will dream
Of the one household child—his only one—
And Mother dear will always lonely seem
Thinking of Nellie when she was at home.

Oh! call me Nellie; I am but a child
Though woman's mission is upon me now,
The gushing feelings unrestrained and wild
With childhood's freedom oftentimes o'er-flow;
Ye would not check this volatile temper mine,
When breezy gusts of gaiety do come,
Or chide if I should weep, but by this sign
Recognize Nellie as she was at home.

Yes, call me Nellie; there's a vibrant tone
Within my heart of hearts, while yet ye speak,
Echoing responsive—a sacred one—
Which this new proof of interest doth wake,
A unity of purpose quickly fires
Spirits that to a common altar come,
A hallowed influence trust inspires
Like what pervades a family at home.

Oh! call me Nellie; there are lips beloved
Which sometime syllabled that simple name

With sacred intonation, now removed
They hold my ear with everlasting claim;
'Twould bring me very near your household joys,
If with familiar greeting ye would come
And trusting Nature's first impulsive voice
Just call me Nellie as they do at home.

TO MY HUSBAND

ON RECEIVING MY FIRST LETTER FROM HOME.

Forgive these falling tears, for joy or woe
Hath quick connection with interior springs,
Which fed to fullness, speedily o'erflow,
Nor of their source or depth bring any tidings,

Nor yet are proof of weakness, the bright shower
Through which sunbeams reflect their glittering gold
In rainbow facets, shows as wondrous power
As the storm-shaken forest drenched and cold.

We may not know the secret of the brook
  Noisily babbling o'er its shallow bed,
Or the deep river's burden, albeit look
  With skill to fathom each with line and
    lead.

The mystery of changeful hurrying moods
  Ye cannot run and read nor yet explain,
Ask April of her skies and verdant woods,
  Whence and how came their varied shades
    of green.

How smiles and tears chasing each other,
    blend
  In a new compound, is an alchemy
No science has discovered; how a friend
  Can love yet grieve, remains a mystery.

Yet have patience; delicate processes
  Develop like the ever typic germ
Caressed and shielded, yet required no less
  To reach maturity, knit fair and firm.

Oh! blessed sunshine of abundant love,
  Visit my life, producing grace and bloom,
Oh! tender, tearful rain, drop from above
  To nourish virtue's roots, and shed perfume.

LILLIAN.

There hath come into our home
  A tiny baby form,
And with the glad occasion
  A new love-link is born;
A precious gift we deem her,
  Prizing her none the less
Because she clingeth to us
  In utter helplessness.

A brief month only claiming
  Our assiduous care,
Part and parcel of our lives
  She holds a noble share;
Her eyes are shining mirrors
  We seem to see in them
Reflected heaven's own azure
  Lit by a glad sunbeam.

How little knoweth Lillian
  To what world she hath come,
In blissful unconsciousness
  She lieth fair and dumb,

Like a fringed gentian peeping
  From its protecting cup
With all its dewy promise
  Daintily folded up.

Outstripping her slight stature
  Her baby graces grow
Daily in our affections,
  There is no limit now
To the fine care which hovers
  With blessing o'er her rest,
As birds on fluttering pinions
  Above a downy nest.

As in a cultured garden
  The spotless lily stands
Regal among the flowers,
  Safe from defiling hands,
So our small bulb in sweet air
  And choice earth envelop,
Her feet among the lilies,
  Her forehead lifted up.

A human bud expanding
  Before our eager eyes,
Bespeaking careful nurture—
  A stray from Paradise;
Blest Giver of this treasure,
  Hallow sweet nature's tie
With loftier purposes
  And gracious ministry.

Guard her winsome infancy
  Secure from every ill,
In soul, in mind, in person,
  Our dearest hopes fulfill:
Make her young girlhood happy,
  Thyself her sure defense,
Reset with diamond virtue,
  The pearl of innocence.

We crave no earthly riches,
  We seek no gilded prize,
For this our first-born darling
  Far purer wishes rise.
Honor our brave ambition,
  Respect our offering,
And make our Lillian
  A daughter of the King.

MARCH.

'Mid last night's darkness, March forlorn and sad
Wept her last hours away. The ministering
Wind tuned its great viol to the tenderest
Key this year hath taught, and through its minor
Scale, deep-toned and mournful, accompanied
Her tears. Peace to her memory. Forget
Her frowns, her sometime unkind countenance.

Hath she rudely entreated the young buds,
Or bowed the shrinking sapling, or wantonly
Buffeted the hoary oak? Let this atone—
She wept. Hath she smiled upon the rare
Fruit-promise and then frozen it with her
Cold fingers? Hath she refused the prayer
Of shivering branches pleading to be clad?
Detained the grass-blades within their Winter
Fastnesses? Frighted the song-birds, or turned
The train of wild geese retrograde? "Set
It not down in malice." The errors
Of the repentant dead kind memory
Shrouds, and wreathes them with their virtues as
With flowers. One night she robed the trees
In ermine, every little shrub was
Muffled, all the vines hung fairy,
Feathery festoons. Again she fashioned
A crystal setting and the world shone like
Enchantment. Behold how swift her courtiers
Learn another's bidding. April hath won
The fickle skies to smile out of their tears
For her. To-morrow she will clothe them
In gold livery, or sable fringes, as
Best befitteth her capricious humor.
A little power proveth base mettle,
Or giveth play to noble faculty;
I remember when April ruled the kingdom
Like a fretful housewife rather than
A benignant sovereign.

Oh! I am
Slow exchanging friendships. I herald not
Her praise, but follow afar the supple
Multitude till I henceforth shall prove her.

THE LABORER.

Patiently o'er the broken sod
Day by day doth the farmer plod,
Holding his plow with firm, strong hand,
Turning the loose and mellow land.

Rising up when the first gray dawn
Heralds the glory of coming morn,
Blessing his frugal, sweet repast,
Out to his daily labor hastes.

Cheerfully going forth to sow,
Never fore-knowing which shall grow,
Scatters broadcast the precious grain,
Waiting the early and latter rain.

Carefully checking noxious weeds
Which choke the life of tender seeds,
Winding all day from dewy morn
In and out of the shining corn.

Vigilant, tireless, patient care
Month after month and year by year,

Doing all that his might can do
Never makes a single leaflet grow.

Fainting or hopeful, pressing on
Through flood or drought and burning sun,
Vain his labor and sad his lot,
The God of the harvest blessing not.

Laborers bearing immortal grain
God hath set on His living plain,
In each portion the promise leaves,
"Faithfully sow, ye shall gather sheaves."

"Seed-time and harvest are my care,
Hasten, for earnest work prepare,
Unheeding pain or weariness,
I will repay—in Me is rest."

HOME CAROL.

I have one little daughter
  In whose blue earnest eyes,
I mark the glow of eager thought
  And read rich histories:
She will glide to my side
  From her careless play,
She will gaze in my face
  In her winsome way,—
With the velvet touch
  On my shoulder laid

Of her little hand,
  Which hath often made
My heart wildly thrill,
Or at once stand still.

She hath a vague, wild yearning
  For something undefined,
And she strives to satisfy
  Her restless little mind:
With her eyes how she tries
  Everything to see,
What she hears with her ears
  Ponders musingly,
Like the pattering rain
  'Neath the drowsy eaves,
Or the rustling fall
  Of the Autumn leaves,
Do the questions slip
From her rosy lip.

She hath a little sister,
  With hair of sunny brown,
Whose voice is ever unto hers
  What echo is to sound.
In her eye, merrily
  Twinkle sparks of mirth,
In its cup, bubbles up
  Free as air to earth,
In a moment more—
  Fitful April child!
How the tear drops pour
  Where the sunlight smiled,—

Now, the sky is clear--
And now, clouds appear.

In the twilight's hush'd glimmer
  Daylight fading silently,
Mark upon the wall the shadows
  Flitting swiftly, airily,
To and fro--there they go
  Chasing one another,--
Little feet--tripping fleet,
  Turning, kiss each other.
Then at last subside
  Noisy glee and wonder
And the merry eyes
  Drop away to slumber.
Then I sit me down
Oft and muse alone.

With a brimming heart of questions,
  Hopefully, fearfully,
Strive I through the distant future
  To read their destiny.
And I know where the flow
  Of life's stream is tending,
Unless love fully prove
  Faithful, unending;
The restless rising
  Of the fettered soul,
The stormy wavelets
  Oftentimes that roll,
Proclaim good or ill
Waiting on the will.

One little girl I fear me
  Will tread a weary path,
For she is sadly lacking
  The principle of faith.
She receives and believes
  What her eyes have seen,
But she must take on trust
  More than this I ween.
Father! let her not
  On life's sea be lost,
Drifting far aside
  Weary, tempest-tossed.
Open thou the harbor
Of thy love to her.

Twining arms encircle me
  Shielding now from sorrow,
But we cannot know the draught
  Which awaits the morrow.
Many a child, once that smiled
  Innocent and free,
Sorrow-stained, hath complained
  Long and bitterly.
Savior! once a child,
  Earnestly we pray
Guide these little ones
  In the narrow way.
Let thy loving arm
Shield from every harm.

I bend me o'er each pillow
  Ere close my weary eyes,

With an earnest retrospect
  Of tender memories;
Stern and true, the review
  Of the day is passing,
Errors here, doubtings there,
  My sad glance retracing;
Sometimes sadly wayward
  Older children prove,
Would they turn as gladly
  With repentant love,
Lost one-half the bitter,
Sweet would be still sweeter.

BROTHER JOHN AT TWENTY-ONE.

My brother, your first score of beautiful
Returnless years is full. As through the Golden
Gate, the traveler sweeps the swift receding
Landscape, mountain and luxuriant vale
On smiling shore, then turns to breast the low
Monotonous stretch of boundless waste unknown,
Undefined; so you serenely gliding
Out Youth's golden gate, with backward glance catch
Retreating shores and halcyon skies
Of Boyhood's sheltered bay, and turning, face
With serious earnestness the open main,

White crested and upheaving, tossing you
Hints of mystery in its spray—its wonders
Unexplored, unfeared its treacherous forces.
Fairly embarked on limitless ocean
Your white sails woo favoring gales and
bravely
Stand to sea.

As earlier launched, o'erswept
By breakers, imperiled oft, yet sure
Of the main channel, I note your course
And signal back. Oh! joy to know who holds
Your helm—whose sealed orders you bear.
Beware of shoals nor trust invidious
Calm—consult the friendly beacon—study
The chart—let no untimely trade wind
O'er-take your idle sail—Watch!

As a goodly
Merchantman gather rich cargo, gold
Of experience, precious stones of holy
Purposes and noble deeds, pearls that pass
Current at the Upper Port. One voyage
Longer or shorter, now swift scudding o'er
Smooth water, anon slow laboring 'round
Some dangerous point 'gainst adverse winds;
still
Nearing the haven of your hope.

Dear brother,
Not as wrecks let us be cast upon
The Sapphire Shore. Full rigged and taut

And richly freighted may its shining sands
Receive us, while other craft trace our wide
wake—
Follow our gleaming sail.

ECHOES.

When the rosy sunlight
Gilds the eastern sky,
And the darkness fleeth
Swiftly—silently,
Children's beaming faces
With the morning come,
Make the inner sunshine
Bright in many a home.

When the birds go winging
From their quiet nest,
Merry bird-like voices
Mingling with the rest
Make the household music
Echo full and clear,
Putting in a chorus
Sweetly here and there.

While the hours are hasting
Through the busy day,
Little feet go tripping
Each familiar way,

And the pleasant murmur
  Of their joyousness
Is alike expressive
  Of our happiness.

So our hearts keep freshened
  As with early dew,
Memory softly saying
  We were children too,
Makes us mild and patient,
  Makes us glad and gay—
And life's grave routine
  Constant holiday.

A MESSAGE.

My brother in playful mood
  Gave me this sheet of white,
And bade me across the sea
  A little message write.

Ah! how to the far unknown
  Shall I launch this tiny craft?
This dove with an olive branch
  What favoring breezes waft?

Swifter than white sail gliding
  Yon blue waves, is the wing
Of thought, to ends of the earth
  O'er the loved hovering.

Brighter than jewels of gold
  Are affections that cling,
They heighten the bliss of living
  And sweeten everything.

Over us all is the dome
  Of one glorious sky,
Over us all is the watch
  Of one Unsleeping Eye.

So whether we walk the land
  Or ride the restless deep,
We trust one Potent Hand
  Our best treasures to keep.

Here's my hand and kindly wish—
  May sweet delights of sense
And pure soul-felt pleasures
  Enrich experience;

So that this passing journey
  Speed safely and joyfully,
Type of a prosperous voyage
  On life's uncertain sea.

LINES

ACCOMPANYING A CHILD'S DAGUERREOTYPE.

Sweet baby May, they've pictured thee
  In thy young budding beauty now,
Each childish feature faithfully,
  Each charming cast of lips and brow.

They've caught the sunbeam peeping out
  From thy soft eyes of laughing blue,
Though half-way veiled, their liquid light
  Reveals a glance of mischief too.

They've chained each tress of sunny hair
  All carelessly as last it lay,
E'en its faint tinge of gold is there
  Like morning's early mellow ray.

Here is the shadow of a smile,
  The rose suffuses either cheek,
And parted lips caught in the act
  Though silent—eloquently speak.

Aye, they have borrowed every charm
  The slight form bears so gracefully,
The tiny hand, the dimpled arm,
  In their round perfect symmetry.

But this they've sought to steal in vain
  Childhood's confiding trust and love,
Beyond the sun, despite the chain,
  Their perfect impress lives above.

REQUEST.

"Oh! my friends, have ye forgotten to pray for me?"

My brother beloved!
  I crave earnestly
One boon, that a breath
  May confer upon me.

Your sensitive heart
  Its generous care,
With the poor and needy
  Rejoiceth to share.

Enfolding your loved ones
  When you bend the knee,
Let your scope of petition
  Embrace even me.

BESSIE.

Bessie is a merry maiden—
  Blithe and gay and full of hope,
And her heart retains its freshness
  Like the dew in lily-cup;
Bessie is a child of nature,
  Sportive, brimming o'er with glee,
Timid, coy, yet all the sweeter—
  Bessie is the girl for me.

Bessie is a forest wild flower,
  Blooming in its farthest dell,
And the birds and all the blossoms
  Know the little fairy well.
Bessie's eyes are like the sky-depths
  In their azure brilliant hue,
If you see my gentle Bessie
  Maybe you will love her too.

Bessie is not vain—coquettish,
  Artful—all devoid of trust,
But it only takes a moment
  To produce a tell-tale blush;
Bessie is all grace in motion,
  There's a lightness in her step
You'd attribute to some spirit
  You have fancied in your sleep.

Bessie's voice is like the music
  Waking in a poet's dream,
Oh! you'd think the birds had taught her
  Or the little dancing stream;
Bessie is a trusting lassie
  Newly charming every day,
'Tis no wonder that I love her,
  Bessie is the girl for me.

A SPRING EXPERIENCE.

The hardy little lilac buds
  Peeped forth one sunny day,
While Winter slept behind a hill,
  And Spring stole forth to play.

The south wind softly whispered,
  The skies bent smiling down,
Invoking brown hills and prairies
  To put their beauty on.

But the early buds were timid,
  They heeded not the call,
For they feared old Winter's sleeping
  A ruse to kill them all.

So the daisy slept on the hill-side,
  The wind-flower in the wood,
And the blue bell 'mid the hazel brush,
  Its chosen solitude.

And the grass blades close together
  In their winter covert lay,
Awaiting the April sunshine,
  Or brighter dawn of May.

But the cheerful trusting lilac
  Put forth its leaflets green,
Enclosing the future promise,
  Its purple blossoming.

A storm cloud came floating over,
  Obscured the morning sun,
And Spring crept back affrighted,
  The day's brief frolic done.

Stern Winter arose, and casting
  His mantle o'er the plain,
Bade its folds, all white and chilling,
  Envelop the earth again.

'Mid the snowy wreath encircling
  The leaflets kept their trust,
The bleak wind bowed the branches,
  But the buds were kindly nursed.

And now they are gladly greeting
  Each warm and welcome ray,
Hoarding up their grateful fragrance,
  To bless a future day.

Ye may call it a common flower—
  Ye may pass it lightly by,

To my heart 'tis sweetly telling
  A nobler destiny.

For to me it is an emblem,
  With its meek enduring faith,
Of a love no Winter chilleth,
  Which never knoweth death.

SUSIE.

"Not here but risen."

Your darling is safe,
  Never wailing or sigh
Shall pass her white lips,
  Or bedim her blue eye.
In that beautiful song,
  Her soft voice will chime
Through unending ages—
  Unmeasured by time.

Your darling is safe,
  The chill of no winter
Is felt through the portals
  Those blessed ones enter;
There the sweet buds unfold
  In the bosom of love;
No frost of unkindness
  Permitted above.

Your darling is safe,
  Ere a tempest assay,
The nautilus sail
  Is folded away
In the beautiful trust
  Of unquestioning love,
Depths of compassion
  Beginning to prove.

Your darling is safe,
  The storm clouds that hover
With threatening dread
  Each human life over,
Shall never obscure
  Their glorified sight,
Who dwell in the presence
  Of Jesus the Light.

Your darling is safe,
  Your arms could not shelter,
Sin's pitiless blast
  Would frighten and pelt her—
You writhe in it now—
  She is housed, she's at rest,
Look up through your dim eyes—
  Acknowledge it best.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Good-bye, old friends—you part
From this fair spot with a long, heavy sigh,
From thousand springs the rills of feeling start
And flood the pleasant fields of memory.

Good-bye, old friends—I came
A wondering child to this far stranger land,
Shared the rude, lôw-roofed hut—the humble fare—
Hardship and peril of the pilgrim band.

Good-bye, old friends—how oft
Those log sides echoed grateful songs of praise,
Rung with mirth, or rocked with merriment
The village cradle in its early days.

Good-bye, old friends—we flocked
To the brown school house every Sabbath day,
With simple taste the unleavened truth
Thankfully took and went our peaceful way.

Good-bye, old friends—now wide
Reach the sweet ties of kindred and of home,
Those many scattered ones through moist eyes see
That lovely vista whereso'er they roam.

Good-bye, old friends—new scenes—
New faces—churches and fair dwellings rise—
New voices where was silence—silence here
While some beloved sound angel harmonies.

Good-bye, old friends—we cling
With strong and loving clasp to earthly home;
But we as travelers nightly pitch our tent
A little nearer home—nearer our home.

FOLLOW ME.

Jesus walking by the sea
Said so kindly, "Follow me,"
To some fishermen,
That they cast their nets away
Without question, from that day
Jesus following.

Though He walks no more below,
Jesus on the wayside now
Seeketh followers,

Saying in a loving voice,
"Children, 'tis a pleasant choice,
Come and follow me.

"Follow here this narrow way,
Treading bravely, patiently,
Comforting the sad,
Ministering as you may
Words of cheer and sympathy,
Making all hearts glad.

"Follow me, not so precious
Are the heavier foot-prints
In the golden street,
As the steps all faint and fine,
Set so tenderly in mine
By your little feet.

"Follow me, a shining road
Leads you on and up to God,
Sure and steadily,
Though the way is passing strait,
Enter at the narrow gate.
Follow, follow me."

CONTRAST.

A dear child removed from a haunt of wretchedness, want and suffering to the delights and blessed influences of a beautiful country home, writes thus: "Everything seems saying to me 'Ella, I love you.'"

"Ella, I love you." Hark! how sweet
The tender accents fall
On the young ear, so long unused
To voices musical;
The soft eye kindles, with a thrill
The little heart upbounds,
Kindness like healing balm distills
On the old cruel wounds.

"Ella, I love you," magic words!
From which thought swiftly rears
Its first delicious memory
Through a wide waste of years;
How the drear retrospect of woe,
The shudder and the sigh,
Through Life's swift current sends the flow
Of untold agony.

"'Ella, I love you;' is this Heaven,
This fresh delightful air,
These blossoming fields, these singing birds,
These forms surpassing fair?

In my dark prison-house I dreamed,
  That up a shining stair
A smiling angel beckoned me,
  Methinks I must be there."

Love! touch that tuneful chord anew,
  Ye hills responsive ring,
Ye glad, free winds with wide acclaim,
  Ye woodlands echoing,
The universal theme, that thrills
  The golden harps above,
Sounds as faint prelude here below,
  The wondrous key-note—love.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

How gracefully, upon ten thousand fields,
  The tender lilies rear their varied bloom,
Through the long summer days, untiringly,
  Dispensing freely, beauty and perfume.

Unheeding where the feet of man may tread,
  Or human eyes, admiringly, behold,
They blushing bend beneath the *eye of God*,
  And gladly their brief loveliness unfold.

Behold how lovingly the waters bear
  The stately Nymphæ—queen of all her race—
Her sea-green sandals vieing modestly
  With snowy beauty of her regal dress.

These wait upon their God—from altars pure,
Their lowly offering of incense raise,
With their first opening bloom, the fields rejoice,
The grateful air is full of odorous praise.

They toil not—neither spin—yet mightiest king,
Whose glory borrowed gems from every land,
And costliest array, could ne'er compare
With simplest wonder of the Maker's hand.

Oh! ye of *little faith!* if God so clothe
The humblest grass that springs beneath your feet,
Shall He not rather from His ample store,
Provide the garments for His children meet?

BEREFT, BUT NOT FORSAKEN.

Over in the shady corner
Where in church I used to sit,
Many a Sabbath I have seen,
(And I seem to see her yet,)
A gentle girl with pensive features
Kindled by a loving eye,
And a certain grave demeanor
Charming me unconsiously.

Weeks went by and all forgotten
Till from school, one Winter day,
Came my little daughter saying,
"Nellie Maynard died to-day."
Suddenly a sad misgiving
Seized my heart and dimmed my eye—
How this little stranger maiden
Touched my tender sympathy.

Friends, the iron your souls has entered
And the pain is sharp and deep,
But a wonderful provision
From despair will surely keep;
Perchance from this broken blossom
Bright eternal buds shall spring,
And this grievous seed of sorrow
Fruits of sweet repentance bring.

Weak and human, often erring,
Helpless most where most we love,
How can we protect our treasures,
Save to lay them up above?
Having known the tender yearning
Of the fond parental breast
By your love interpret wisely
What your Father doeth best.

Oh! believe Divine compassion
Never sends a needless stroke,
Love beyond our comprehenson
To each neck adjusts the yoke;

Let us sweetly grasp the promise
Held out to our struggling souls,
Live by Faith—life hid in Jesus
Who the Universe controls.

HEARTH AND HOME.

Let others boast their titles
  Of glory and renown,
We sing the brave Republic
  With every one a crown;
For a firm, broad foundation
  We lay our corner-stone,
And bright upon our banner
  Emblazon "Hearth and Home,"
Home! the key-word of charmed sound
  Melodious the world around.

Wherever golden harvests
  Follow the shining plough,
Wherever bloom and verdure
  Out of waste places grow,
Where thrift and genius fashion
  Their monumental stone,
Their goodly seed was nourished
  Beside the Hearth at Home,
Home! the key-word of charmed sound
  Melodious the world around.

Oh! temples of human love!
  Within your sacred walls
Treasures of knowledge and skill
  Await occasion's calls,
The household ministry
  Hold rank among the great,
Hearth and Home are mightier
  Than all the halls of State,
Home! the key-word of charmed sound
  Melodious the world around.

OUR GEOLOGIST.

Well! here comes
The Apostle of the rocks, wise, grave,
Imperturbable, and yet withal
Clad in such genial humor, as conceals
And beautifies all the sharp angles
Of his character, as the fresh, grateful
Moss, rearing its delicate tufts, adorns
With wondrous grace the gray old stones he
  loves.
Beware, ye fossils of a former race!
Lest with the keen shafts of his wit
He suddenly transfix you.

Plying
The mystic key, lo! he unlocks Nature's
Vast treasure house, walks familiar
'Mid her mysteries, skilled in her laws,

Suiting to graceful diction her forces,
Her machinery, and her wonders, wrought
Ages ere he began to breathe the lofty
Inspiration of a human soul.

Down
In her mid-earth laboratories
Oft a guest, scaling the mountain tops,
Standing interpreter between the mighty
Architect and man, His crowning work.
Aye, thou hast been so face to face
With Deity, what wonder if thy
Countenance shone, and they who saw, knowing
Not why, call thee Enthusiast?

I give
Thee cheer! the treasures of thy knowledge,
Like the unwritten volume thou hast learned
To trace, are unexplored and dim
To my benighted vision. I have seen
What tongue can never tell in flower
And tree, heard a few notes of the great
Anthem chanted continually
In Nature inanimate and animate;
But thou, by the broad light of Revelation,
Dost pursue material treatises,
And day by day grow in the wisdom
Of the Great Unsearchable.

NOW AND THEN.

Wandering aimless, one by one,
Over the hunting grounds, once their own,
With stealthy steps which, many a year,
Rivaled in fleetness the startled deer,
The scattered relics of mightier days
Seek vainly a quiet resting place.

Back to the farthest solitudes
The white man's footsteps hath pursued,
Populous cities with busy tramp
Have taken the place of tented camps
Whose dusky forms have glided on,
Sadly in wake of the setting sun.

Where the cunning huntsman bent his bow,
And the mighty tread of buffalo
Echoed, along the silent plain—
Behold the harvests of waiting grain
While the keen swift blade, and iron hand
Reap their bending wealth at their lord's
command.

Where the rustic wigwam once uprose
Is reared the cottage—the orchard grows—
The tawny children once at play
Have changed to a fair-browed group to-day,

While ponderous pillars, with gleaming spires
Arise from the smoke of the old watch-fires.

Alas, that the poor red man should know,
In his paler brother, a deadlier foe
Than the hunted beasts of his native wild,
Or hostile tribes in their greed for spoil,
Who with heart of murder, or hope of gain
Binds the dread fire-water galling chain.

Alas! that a nation, rising up
In the strength of right from a foreign yoke,
Should trample the weak 'neath its grinding
heel,
Or make its bidding a tyrants will,
Or forge the fetter, or raise the rod,
Or stain this heritage with blood.

Alas! that the chains of vice and crime
Encircle men's souls in this golden time,
When the wide world spurning tyranny
Rises to love of liberty,
And Christian's prayers and patriot's blood
Hallow the ground by their armies trod.

* * * * * *

Rejoice, for all tyranny shall cease,
From bondage of sin there is sure release,
And the poor, despised, down-trodden, may
Arise Christ's freemen, another day;
The wrongs of earth shall be righted then,
And His glorious kingdom ushered in.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Oh! a world of treasure we held
  In bright lips and sparkling eyes,
  And ringing melodies
Of bouyant childish joy,
  Health and bloom in each rosy face,
  Full of motion and full of grace,
Our darling girl and boy.

How one brief week has bereft us—
  Eyes have lost lustre and light,
  And the frost's untimely blight
Has paled the roses;
  Weeping taketh the place of song,
  On each merry, musical tongue
The hush of death reposes.

We sit by a desolate hearth,
  But the little ones who sleep
  Jesus shall watch and keep
With tender, tireless care,
  Transplant to his heavenly home,
  Array in new vigor and bloom
Our beautiful angel pair.

ABSENCE.

I miss thee, dear one, when the rosy light
Beams soft and hallowed upon morning's brow,
When in gay circlets flit the sunbeams bright
Tuning to measure sweet their golden flow,
While throng day-duties comes this conscious pain,
Thy presence cheers me not, I miss thee then.

I miss thee when with busy echoing tread
Swift feet come heralding approaching noon,
The moments loiter which with happy speed
Winged this little hour, alas! too soon;
All gather round the board, I list in vain
For thy light footfall, and I miss thee then.

I miss thee as around the fireside's glow
Beloved ones circle, when the day is done;
Ripples of genial humor lightly flow
Through depths of earnest converse, but there's one
Exile from home, for whom with eager ken
I search the silent night, I miss thee then.

RESIGNATION.

When last that young, fresh lip
With its choice nectar laden pressed your own,
That brief delicious sip
No token brought thee as a warning tone
That 'twas its last.

This cheek—its soft peach bloom
Hath rested upon thine so lovingly,
This keen dividing sword
Smites through this tenderest love, this youngest tie,
With double edge.

How oft his innocent smile
From life's excess of weariness or pain
Thy spirit hath beguiled,
And won the olden happiness again
To clothe thy brow.

I tremble, as I think
Of the fond hopes which here their center found,
The agonizing shrink
Of clinging tendrils, hastily unbound,
Or broken off.

But when my raptured sight,
Beyond the shadows of this lowly vale,
Catches 'mid Heaven's own light
The white robed cherub from the flesh unveiled,
My tears depart.

My trembling lip hath pressed
The pure pale forehead of the early dead,
And oh! the loveliness
Of the fair form that coffin cover hid,
No tongue can tell.

My heart goes weeping forth
To share the wound no human power can heal;
The furrows sorrow makes,
With infinite love One Hand directed well—
Thy will be done.

LITTLE NORA.

Asleep, with dimpled hands folded
Over her breast,
Upon the blue eyes so lightly
The white lids press.
Earnest we watch, half expectant
The waking—the smile—the caress,
And clasp the beautiful vision
With murmurs of tenderness.

Asleep—upon the pure forehead
  No shade of pain,
No care-lines, of grief or passion
  Never a stain,
Some lullaby unlearned by mothers,
  Some accents persuasive and mild
Have won to a dreamless slumber
  The eager and wondering child.

Asleep, but not as the living,
  Waking to toil,
After a night's brief forgetting
  Life's wild turmoil,
Putting on grief with the garments,
  Girding the weariness round,
Treading over the oft trod path
  Till another sun goes down.

Asleep to us—to the angels
  Enfranchised, free,
Clad in the shining apparel
  Of endless day,
Attained to a holier life,
  Joining the radiant throng
In the music of heavenly harps,
  And strains of immortal song.

A WORLD WIDE CIRCLE OF PRAYER.

Out of this misty morning breaks,
  Spanning the world, a radiant zone
Binding closely with shining links
  Peoples and nations and tribes in one.

Lo! it brightens the sea-girt isles,
  Circles the broader continent,
Flashes where ceaseless Summer smiles
  Added glow of its rainbow tint.

See! in the distant twilight realms
  Darkness and shadow make haste to flee;
Brighter than Freedom's natal day
  It bursts upon sunny Italy.

Over the wide and pathless main
  Suspend cables of mighty prayer,
While rays of electric radiance
  Stream in the wake of the "Morning Star."

Over some earnest kneeling ones
  Never this week shall day decline,
Weaving the mystic bands that hold
  Soul to its lofty origin.

BALM OF GILEAD.

Thou art fallen, noble tree,
  In the dust thy crowned head lying,
While a sharp pang seizeth me
  Like an old friend's dying;
Younger thou than I;
  I have gazed with pride
On thy branching shade
  Spreading green and wide,
And thy stately form
  Towering more and more,
Which for years hath stood
  Sentry at the door.

When the glad young Spring-time came
  With her all-animating breath,
I have seen thee lay aside
  The livery of Death;
Out, in bold relief
  'Gainst a cheerless sky,
Came the fragrant buds,
  Peeping modestly,
And the early rain,
  Soon through them distilled,
All the air around
  With rich perfume filled.

Up into thy leafy arms,
  Of many a bright May morning,
I have seen gay plumaged birds
  Gladly come, returning,
And thy green top seem
  Like a palace hung,
Many domed and draped
  For the feathered throng;
There the mocking bird
  Trilled his varied lay,
And the robin sang
  Sweetly, cheerily.

As the Summer day wore on
  From the hot noon-tide's weary pant,
And the day-god from his throne
  Sent burning beams aslant,
Intercepted thou
  Their unwelcome heat,
And thy shadow fell
  Trembling at our feet;
Gentle-voiced and low,
  Like to sound of rain,
Whispering breezes swept
  Through thy boughs again.

Felled in thy glorious prime,
  With thy emerald armor on,
And thy ministry of love
  One season more begun,
Thy strong root tempest torn
  From its moorings fast,

Rising now no more,
  The storm is overpast.
With heaviness at heart,
  A dim and moistened eye,
I sit on thy prostrate trunk
  And bless thy memory.

MOTHERLESS.

It is not with me as it has been;
Something has crushed me. Oh! this dreadful pain!
Out of this fearful trance shake me! wake me!
Amid a wreck of broken hopes and shattered
Purposes, I struggle blind and faint
With half my heart buried. God pity me,
There is no comfort else.

Here centred all
Perfect household bonds—the one broad bosom,
Our dear haven when storms have lowered;
Cheerful to plan, and swift to execute
Love's labor—hands ever busy
With a tireless skill, shaping some fabric
To the forms she loved—restless feet, hither
And thither hasting, chiefest joy to shield
From weariness these other lives, her own
So richly nourished.

How shall I speak
Her praises so beyond praise. My life is
Full of her, as Summer noon of light. How
Strong to bear all life's encircling ills,
In reach of her warm heart. Blow, ye pitiless
Winter blasts, rave on, Time's thunder-gusts,
Let me but stand firm, brave and proud be-
side her;
She taught me where to lean, she guided
My wayward feet unto the cross, but O!
This staggers me, this is a Mara-flood,
To roam this cold world motherless—to know
The ceaseless aching—the inward
Desolation—to sleep, to wake with a dread
Incubus weighing my late light heart.
To watch and start to greet her wonted cheerful
Coming—to feel great ocean swells sinking
To terrible calm—all this and more.
Oh! God, carry me out of this weak
Human; stay me on Thine arm, Thou great
Unsearchable. Bind these torn fibres
And gird me up to a brave patience. Help
Me walk in her dear footprints; her rich
Example, her love, her prayers, a priceless
Legacy.

How know I as I walk
In the dim solitude of this deserted
Home, but God will let her come to me
And mingle with my woe a little
Of her heaven? Out to that other shore
My yearning soul reaches. Bridge o'er this
mortal

Life, O Father! with deeds of love.
Self-immolation and rare child-like faith.
When all Thy righteous will we here have
Suffered, let us rise where our chief
Treasure is.

Come, gather closer to my
Side, my little, smitten flock.

AN EXPERIENCE.

I sat in the dim twilight of my room,
Choosing its solitude for rest and thought.
One door away the busy circle
Gathered, with cheerful talk whiling the hour.
Ruddy with pleasant light and glowing fire
The faces came and went, and the small stir
Of household duties, mingled with the hum
Of voices, was like music heard afar.
Soon my little daughter came within the door
Calling to me, her hands outstretched, groping
The dark for mine. As nearer drew
The uncertain step, I cast my arm
About her, and she nestled her bright head
On my shoulder with loving faith and quiet
Satisfaction.

How oft we turn from the gay
Glimmer of these lesser lights—from the unrest
Of these departing joys, calling, "Our Father,"

And grope in seeming darkness till the Strong
Arm of love enfolds us, and the peace
Which passeth understanding fills our souls.

"THROUGH NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD."

"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made even his eternal power and Godhead so that they are without excuse."

Which way went thy voice from thee, didst thou hear
The rush of its departing wing but now?
Canst thou by searching find th' invisible?
Or through the trackless air its course pursue?

What was the word, can'st thou at will recall?
Send thou swift messengers to stay its flight,
By the same path they flee, nor come again—
'Tis a forbidden way to human sight.

What is thy countenance the present hour?
How looks the soul through its low windows there?
Would'st its expression willingly transfer
To the vast picture-gallery of the air?

How know we what unseen attendants wait
With faithful witness on the steps of man,

At His high bidding, whose Almighty Hand
Hath all things fashioned by a perfect plan.

So thin the veil through which to mortal eyes
The All-pervading Deity appears,
All His works praise Him, yea the least of all
Some of His glory like a mantle wears.

We trace His foot-prints everywhere we stray,
He walks majestic o'er earth's verdant sod,
Makes the young buds His care, and clearly leaves
To willing eyes the impress of a God.

His hand sustains the myriads of worlds,
Attunes to harmony their wondrous round,
While not a single sparrow's feeble wing
Without our Father falleth to the ground.

All know their place, acknowledge His behest,
And readily their strict obedience pay,
While man with his supreme endowments blest
Is ever seeking out some other way.

We call it Nature—the vast volume spread
To our oft rapt and e'er admiring gaze,
But oh! how slow our hearts to render up
To Nature's God the tribute of their praise!

With what glad wonder shall our spirit-eyes
The book of mysteries unfolded see

While love interprets Science and reveals
The Infinite Mind, the soul of harmony.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Merrily peal
Marriage bells
Out on this opening year,
While from East and West
The hastening guests
Joyously gather here;
Silver locks and hoary,
Like a crown of glory,
Wreathe the broad high brow
Calmly wearing now
Furrows of care,
And the kindly eye
Beaming chastened joy
Proves rare fulfillment
Of radiant prophecy.

Softly mingle
The tender chimes,
While from the household cheer
She of gentle mein
And countenance serene
Tranquilly draweth near;
What though the quick flush
Of youth's modest blush

Her cheek no longer wears!
With the swift lapse of years
  The maiden's charms
Add the matron's grace;
She beareth regally
The clustering honors
  Of half a century.

  Hear the Patriarch
  Musingly tell
The reverent group around
  Strange legends of yore—
  A varied store
His checkered life hath known;
Greeting with honest pride
His newly wedded bride,
Whose plighted faith
Through many years agone
Heightened resplendent noon,
  Now, life's zenith past,
  Gildeth its horizon.

  Clasp the tried hands,
  Weld the strong bands
Surer and brighter than gold,
  This circle complete—
  These pledges replete
With wealth that cannot be told.
Death hath not hushed a voice.
Number the fireside joys'
  Steady increase;
The household music's

Staid familiar beat
Hath quickened to joyous carol,
And patter of tiny feet.

Summer blossoms
And Winter gems
In the passing pageant rise,
Decay and change
In the distance range
Their monumental piles;
Now from regretful eyes
The vista dims and vanishes—
Father and Mother walk
Down the declivity
With cheerful step,
While a rejoicing band
Pave the steep, rocky way
With beautiful moss-tufts,
And branches of bay.

WELCOME.

Ever welcome, ever welcome
To our modest home,
To its quiet and seclusion
Let thy footsteps come,
Often as thy spirit feeleth
Need of sympathy,
Oft as 'tis with joy full freighted,
Bid us share with thee.

In thy various round of duty
  Hopeful though thou art,
Well I know there sometime cometh
  Trial to thy heart;
Are there any gloomy shadows
  Friendship can dispel?
Are there any heavy burdens
  Help can bear as well?

If thy path all straight and pleasant
  Through green vallies lie,
And a flood of golden sunlight
  Gilds thy morning sky,
Hoard it not, my generous brother,
  For a future day—
Open wide the spirit windows—
  Let it shine this way.

Dost thou hesitate to prove us?
  If are wanting here
All those finer qualities
  Which do most endear,
Judging like the blessed Master,
  Full of charity,
In his heart as any thinketh,
  Written so, is he.

A TRIBUTE.

Carve out an ebony staff,
  Slender and straight and strong;
Give it all skilful touches
  That to thy craft belong;
Bring to its rarest polish,
  Crown and over lay
With gold of exquisite finish,
  And suitable quality.

Chaste, significant symbols,
  Delicate flowing lines,
Characters bold and graceful
  Mingle in rare design,
That when the radiant present
  Into the shadow roll,
Indelible imagery
  Be graven on the soul.

Affection's grateful insignia,
  Merited tribute of praise,
Type of unfailing support
  Through all the coming days,
Graceful wand of protection,
  Staunch companion and friend,
Ready and and chosen attendant,
  On, to the journey's end.

CON AMORE.

I loved thee, Fanny, ere thine eye
  Kindled expression in my own,
Yes, loved thee though thou wert not nigh—
  The tie is only stronger grown.

I loved because I fancied thee
  A being formed to gain esteem,
Fond friendship's beautiful ideal,
  And sight but verified my dream.

'Twere not thy lustrous shining orbs,
  Nor meshes of thy midnight hair,
Nor smiles like dimpled sunshine sprent,
  That made me willing prisoner;

And not alone thy form of grace
  And winning manner made appeal,
But more enduring loveliness
  Than beauty's features, mutable;

Nor e'en thy music's wondrous spell,
  Innocent witchery, alone
Could tune my heart so perfectly
  Responsive to each silvery tone.

I looked and lo! a living ray,
  From some interior splendor lit,

Flashed through thy spirit oriels
  And fell, reflected, on my sight.

I listened to thy thrilling song,
  Pensive or joyous as thy mood,
And knew the voice but bore along
  The strain by sentiment subdued.

Fine harmony within, without,
  Character suitably expressed,
Revealing and concealing too,
  Humility, crowning the rest.

And I am not the only one
  Who cherishes a love for thee;
Affection's shield would interpose
  To keep thee always sorrow-free.

Many will yet besiege thy heart
  And gracious privilege prefer,
While others, with consummate art,
  Ply subtle flatteries—beware!

Happy, if thou dost e'er retain
  The steadfast mind, the loyal soul,
Charms blossoming perpetually
  And graces never growing old.

LULU.

She hears not the soft music of your voice,
As lowly bent you clasp her fragile form
With murmurs of endearment. The hum
Of insect life, the low sweet sigh of thousand
Wind-harps hath no sound unto her ear;
The voice of fountains and the song of birds
Is not for her. Alike love's gently
Modulated notes and the loud trumpet
Tone. No lisping words of artless wonder
Proclaim the mighty miracles thought works
Within; no sweet and loving accents come
To the mother's ear from her young lips. You
Gaze upon her with a double tenderness
That's born of love and pity. The shadow
On her life doth darken yours. Forbid
To hope that e'er again along its wonted
Labyrinth sweet sounds shall echo, but mark!
Life is not all a sealed book unto her
Heart, its pleasure-avenues are not all
Closed. Show her a flower—doth not her blue
Eye beam with bright intelligence? Point out
A star—behold! what wonder sits upon her
Childish face—keenly susceptible
To touch, or glance, or motion. Your little
One hath been near to the gate of Heaven.
How know we what unutterable things

Lie 'neath this web of gossamer that floats
Between, what spirit-whispers may have
come
To the young ear, unreached by human voice!
The delicate sense knoweth innumerable
Delights. We walk the fields with full-toned
Orchestra performing Hallelujahs,
From whir of insect wings or dry leaves
Rustling to the Autumn breath, to tender
Tones that thrill the immortal and grand old
Melodies which set the spirit quivering
Like harpstrings to the skillful touch, the
swift
Gradations rise. Familiar accents
Of voices that we love, inspiring strains
Cheering the multitude to Freedom's strife
And Right's inevitable conquest—glad
Notes of joy, they strike, vibrate and echo
Through all time, like the rare passages
And full triumphant choruses of the old
Masters, stirring, thrilling alway.

Yet there
Are sounds of woe and mournful cadences
Which draw up bitter drops from spirit-wells.
Ah! who can know the pain that through this
Medium distills, who calculate the wounds
By cruel arrows shot along this vital
Avenue? Who hears the one must sometimes
Feel the other. What though we walk
Unconsciously through green enchanted
glades,

And over smouldering fires, doth not the same
Celestial city lie beyond?

AUTUMN.

Autumn leaves are falling, falling
With a sad and lonely sound,
And its plaintive voices calling
Echo mournfully around.

Autumn winds are sighing, sighing
'Mid the dry and leafless trees,
Requiems for the flowers dying—
Hark! the murmurous soughing breeze.

Autumn birds are singing, singing
Cheerily a farewell lay,
With their blithe notes swiftly winging
Beyond fear of Winter day.

Autumn sunlight streaming, streaming
Through the mist veil tenderly,
As if gentle hearted Summer
Backward smiled regretfully.

Autumn shadows stealing, stealing
Through the woodland, o'er the plain,
In the fading light revealing
Melancholy brown again.

Autumn whispers breathing, breathing
  Whence we know not, hovering
Like the ghosts of days departed,
  Hither, thither, wandering.

Autumn glory fading, fading
  Surely, quietly away,
Gorgeous tints and ripened fruitage,
  Harbingers of swift decay.

May our Autumn coming, coming,
  Borrow splendor from thy sky,
Prove our Festival of Harvest,
  Enriching Futurity.

"THERE IS A TIME TO DIE."

I would not die when Spring with vernal bloom
  Rules the bright day;
Beauty comes forth from the forsaken tomb,
Earth is too fair a place, too genial home,
  For us to stray.

I would not die when ripe midsummer's here,
  With golden grain
And luscious fruitage; lesser lives appear
In full perfection, without shade or tear
  Or trace of pain.

I would not die when Winter's heavy tread
Seals up the ground;
Too chill the snowy drapery is spread,
And lonesome winds bewail the lovely dead
With hollow sound.

But when Autumn zephyrs softly sighing
Lingering good-bye,
The meek flowers uncomplainingly are dying,
Rainbow tinted leaves above them lying,
'Tis meet to die.

A LEAF OF LIFE.

I sat alone,
In the rapt hush of early Sabbath hours,
While thought's mysterious spell, as a cloud
Wing floating in April sky, came brooding
O'er me. Within its wave-like folds lay
Shrouded manifold visions of the life
That is, and to my questioning gave answer.
I saw a tender bud nursed in a
Genial soil, spring up and thrive, until bright
Promise of its bloom peeped forth with
Delicate tint from the protecting leaflets.
Then I said, "How beautiful!" but while my
Eye sought its first bursting, lo! upon the
Stem it hung, blasted and withered. Then
There rose the vision of a child, fair as

My brief lived rose bud, and she who led
Along life's path the little one had
Early learned the ministry of sorrow.
A holy link bound fast to the invisible
Was the dear child she cherished, but there
came
A summons of surprise, and lo! from her
Fond clasp earth's stricken daughter saw a
cherub
Form mount Heaven-ward; then my heart
swelled with strange
Bitterness, and questioned, "Why is it thus,
My Father? Twice hath been snatched away
The young, the lovely, and their place is found
No more on earth." Then in the mist-wreath
Floating before my sight, came written words
Of fire, "'Tis thine to trust, be still and know
That I am God."

I saw a noble tree,
The strength and pride of a young forest, while
Beneath its verdant boughs flourished young
Tender saplings; but the Autumn winds
Scattered its leaf robe, and the earth drank
Its life blood, and when Spring came again
with
The soft whispers in the woodland, and
The yearly miracle passed upon all
The trees, no wooing breath, no weeping sky,
No song, no blossom won the tree back
To life. Anon, I saw one in the prime
Of life, around whose brow circled the glory

Of a noble manhood. His an honored
Name, and worthily. Domestic joys thick
Clust'ring round his life endeared its every
Moment. Young eyes sought his for gui-
dance.
Everywhere he trod hearts rendered up
The homage due true nobleness of soul.
But like the forest tree in all its strength
And beauty, seared and dead, he too received
The stern decree that comes to all. My heart
Sought strength to murmur, but a mighty
Power
Restrained and thrilled through all my soul,
"Be still and know that I am God."

I stood
And gazed upon the western sky, as
Upward rolled in massive shape and angry
Hue, heaven's cloud artillery. Dread
Silence reigned, while from beneath the vast
Horizon, stole the masses up with dark
Or fiery coloring, till the whole had
Borrowed the fierce lurid glow, and
Frowning, bent, as if to lave earth's
Forehead with a fire baptism. I had gazed,
Awe-struck, until the scene became for my
Weak faith too terrible, then I turned
Aside with closed eyes to hide its painful
Memory in darkness. But to my ear
Borne on the tempest's breath there came a
Voice,
Saying, "Be still and know that I am God."

My soul bowed to the stern rebuke, and
A more tranquil frame came o'er me.

Thus oft,
Do we weak creatures doubt our Father's power
O'er all that He has made. When rage life's storms
About our pathway dark and drear, we fail
To cast the soul's strong anchor; then doth come
Again this same mysterious Presence,
Saying, "Be still and know that I am God."
While 'mid the din of strife, calmness succeeds.

GONE HOME.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Gone home! his life work done,
His forehead crowned with years,
He left at set of sun
This lowly vale of tears.

Home! thus at close of day
Turn the tired laborer's feet,
Nor heed the toilsome way,
Thy dear delights to meet.

Home! on a foreign shore,
  How the lone pilgrim hails
'Mid Ocean's wildest roar
  The fleet returning sails.

Yet what is home below
  Its joy—its bliss—its love,
To the glad rest they know
  Who have gone home above!

Gone home! yes, peacefully,
  With a calm Christian faith,
Whose mighty power can be
  Triumphant over death.

The Eternal City gates
  Stand open night and day,
While enter joyfully
  The heavenly family.

At most, a few fleet years
  Measured out tenderly,
A little space for tears,
  And then—Eternity!

MEMORIES.

Written for a friend.

Roll up the curtain grey
  From our sacred household shrine,
Sixteen circles ago to-day
  I first called Lizzie mine,
The precious glimmer of Heaven,
  Through the pangs of motherhood,
Revealed the sweet assurance
  The gift was God-bestowed.

Over those luminous years
  Elysian memories sleep,
From their touching, sad review
  I turn away and weep,
Taking up so tenderly
  Little mementoes of her,
Newly embalming them
  To hallow another year.

Three chastened twelvemonths back
  We have journeyed, sorrowing,
The oft-trodden rugged track
  Of human suffering;
Three blissful, wondering seasons
  Lizzie, enraptured, sits
Where no knell of passing years
  Enters the pearly gates.

June is here—skies are bright—
  The garden is green and gay,
With reverent step we traverse
  Its quiet haunts to-day;
Once her light foot-fall pressed
  This verdant velvet sod,
Who weareth angelic form
  In the Paradise of God.

Over the shortened span
  Of Time's weary bridge we go,
Strong in Faith and rich in Hope,
  Never to rest below;
Home is where our treasure is,
  Lizzie has gone before;
'Tis but little till we touch
  The golden thither Shore.

TO MY FRIEND ELIZA.

Good-bye, sweet friend, my heart goes musing backward
  Through all the checkered past since first we met;
This parting word unnumbered scenes awakens
  Whose living presence throng my memory yet.

Back to our rosy girlhood, gay and careless,
Speeds the swift thought-wing its unequaled flight,
Once more we revel in those golden moments
Which vanished, dream-like, from our waking sight.

While dearer loves, perchance, have made their dwelling
In our full hearts, abiding fresh and bright,
The links of olden friendship bind together
The little circle scattered far to-night.

Thy path hath led through weary vales of sorrow,
Alike through meadows beautiful and fair,
But sorrow's baptism made thy spirit stronger
Life's blessedness to know, its cross to bear.

Thou goest from our midst, my gentle sister,
With cheerful heart life's mission to fulfill,
Trusting the Hand that led thee through the shadow
To bless the sunshine with its guidance still.

'Mid other scenes and circles thou wilt mingle,
'Many a league from this thy girlhood's home;
Oh! cherish sacredly thine early friendships,
Whate'er new blessings to thy heart may come.

Our love go with thee with its fond out-gushing,
Our kindly thoughts and prayers all freely given;
We trust the circle here so widely sundered
Will know a better unity in Heaven.

YOUNG CLIMBERS.

Written for a primary exercise.

Don't you know when merry May
Practices her magic art,
Thickly from each tiny spray
Little folded buds upstart?
From each beam of sunlight,
From each crystal drop,
Fashioning a viewless stair
They climb lightly up.

So the little human buds
Precious germs of thought contain,
Struggling up by Wisdom's light
And Instruction's early rain;
Step by step the rising grade
Of the lofty science hill,
Gained by toil of tender feet
Guided patiently and well.

Nature in material realm
  Teachers for her children finds;
Light and heat and gentle airs
  Vie with sterner discipline,
Talk of inner growth and strength,
  Talk of upward tendency,
Till the supple graceful twig
  Stands the tall majestic tree.

We are little human twigs,
  Teachers dear, we love you all,
May your smiles and kind restraints
  Help us grow erect and tall,
In the fertile soil of Truth
  Striking deeper, firmer root,
Spreading out immortal arms,
  Dropping golden fruit.

LITTLE ROSA.

'Mid the din and bustle
  Of the crowded street,
Little Rosa wandered
  On, with faltering feet,
Often rudely jostled,
  Ready to despair,
Cruelly repulsed
  In her modest prayer.

Through the lanes and alleys
  Wending day by day
To the cheerless cellar,
  Where her mother lay,
Oft in pain and weariness,
  Sometimes full of glee
At some blessed stranger's
  Heavenly charity.

Upon little Rosa,
  Brave and patient child,
All those days of darkness
  Jesus looked and smiled,
Numbered every sorrow,
  Treasured every tear,
Made the helpless orphan
  His peculiar care.

Rosa now is folded
  To the generous heart
Of enlarged affection,
  Safe from fear and want;
Rosa sweetly patient,
  Wearing fresher bloom,
Is the very angel
  Of that happy home.

TRYST.

Your path lies over the hay field
  Under the sunny sky,
With the fresh mown grass to sweeten
  Labor's monotony,
And mine in the shady dwelling,
  With the lowlier employ
Of little household ministries
  Which swell the common joy.

Thus each day is enriched
  The granary of Home,
And the sheaves are bright and heavy
  When evening and absent come;
We drink from one golden chalice—
  Freely and tenderly share
Experience, bitter or blessed,
  Joy or sorrow or care.

Your path is not always even,
  Your sky not always clear,
And sometimes in my horizon
  Threatening clouds appear;
Over life's troublesome stones
  Affection's mosses cling,
And the jar is somewhat broken
  By their velvet cushioning.

Let us gather the honey of life
  To sweeten bread of toil,
And give thanks for the wayside roses
  After the day's turmoil.

ON A GIFT OF FLOWERS.

I thank thee, gentle friend, these fresh, young flowers
  Are to my heart an offering pure and sweet;
They bear me back to fair and festive bowers
  With their swift wings of light and footsteps fleet;
I gaze into their folded beauty-depths,
  Inhale their breath of perfume in its flow,
And lo! is mirrored there, a glimpse of life
  Transporting me to scenes of long ago.

I've scanned inquiringly each budding rose,
  Seeking oftimes to read its hidden lore,
And sometimes the soft petals will unclose,
  Blooming far sweeter than they were before,
And to my spirit's ear will gently steal
  Low murmurs, musically flowing,
Imparting ecstacy we only feel,
  And, ere we find expression, going.

There's other bloom as eloquent as this,
  Each hath a language that is all its own;

Some cherish fondly the gay sunbeam's kiss,
  Breathing their life out as the day wears on,
While others with their drooping heads bowed low
  Hide their young wealth through rosy morning light,
Nursing bright dew-drops in their bosom's snow,
  And give their wondrous beauty to the night.

And each appeals to something within us,
  Some delicate, subtle, spiritual sense,
Methinks they stimulate unbounded trust,
  Making us conscious of unworthiness;
Anon, they whisper merrily and low
  Bewitching, fascinating words of mirth,
Wooing the smile unto the faded brow
  And with bright sunshine ever clothing earth.

I never take a flower from those I love
  But gratitude arises in my heart—
I would the gift of lovely gracious things
  Some blessedness reciprocal impart.
Thus, I have woven for thee a simple lay
  Out of the blossoms which thou gavest me;
They very soon will fade and fade away,
  Not so their sweet and sacred memory.

4196598

"I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS, I WILL COME TO YOU."

Be comforted, my sister—we are not
As drifting fragments on a changeful sea;
Life's stormy billows know the peaceful voice
Of Him who hushed the waves of Galilee.

Be comforted, my sister—it was love
Withdrew the human shape, the fleshly arm
Beyond your reach just now, yet lean on One
Which interposes between you and harm.

Be comforted, my sister—there is not
One heartache you must cover, or one sigh
Stifle, lest it should grieve this perfect love
Which folds you in its boundless sympathy.

When you are faint with weakness, blind with tears,
'Neath each day's burden just about to fall,
It gathers tenderly you, yours and his,
Saying, "Be of good courage, tell me all.

"Before your lives had rounded to this plan
Before these lesser loves knew blessed dawn,
I held you fast within infinite love—
Nothing's superfluous, nothing is gone.

"I measure out your sorrows, while I hold
The hearts that bleed close unto Mine that bled,
And mysteries of bliss I keep in store;
Only believe, my love, be comforted."

LITTLE NELLIE.

Youngest blossom in a garden on Pearl Street.

Welcome, little Nellie,
To this world of ours,
While 'tis bright with verdure,
Radiant with flowers,
Though it is not Eden,
Relics of lost bliss
Coming down the ages
Linger until this.

Welcome, little Nellie,
Like a flower cup
In its tiny wrappings,
Life is folded up
In the wee form, sleeping
At a soothing tone,
Or with wide-eyed wonder
Conning the unknown.

Welcome, little Nellie,
May these untried powers
Healthfully expanding
All the sunny hours,

Bring a wealth of sweetness
And perpetual bloom
More precious than roses
  To enrich thy home.

As mysteriously
Every little child
Unites the immortal
  With the sin-defiled,
We ask a renewing,
An impress of love,
Stamp of innocence
  Recognized above.

For except we enter
The blest family
With the faith of children,
  And humility,
We may stand inquiring
Who is greatest there,
And miss the lowly place
  It is bliss to share.

I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Through the temples of the soul
  Echo words of pleasant cheer,
Earnest, joyful words, bequeathing
  Blessings on the opening year.

May a mild, delightful Springtime
  Enrich all thy fertile field,
And the golden Summer circles
  Glad abundance freely yield.

Clusters of the choicest fruitage,
  Loaded shrub and vine and tree—
Autumn's ministers conferring
  Measureless delight on thee.

Winter vigorous and hoary
  Donning then his jewelled crest,
Down its last declivity
  Safe conduct the year to rest.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

This rising sun heralds an era in your
Mutual lives. You stand to pledge this holy
Faith to one another with mature judgment,
Character rounded by experience.
Be yours the Eden bliss of love—one
In name, in heart, in purpose, enriching common
Store with double gifts. Be yours success in best
Endeavor, and heavenly discipline, His
Image to develop, who glorified
These daily paths and common ministries.
Be yours the joy of perfect peace, whether

Beneath the blue of this bright firmament
You walk green vallies, among the lilies,
Or on the storm-crowned heights, content
that He
Shall choose, who sits above the stars and sees
The end from the beginning, happy in one
Another, safe in the strong pavilion of His
Love.

A GOODLY VINE.

Clusters I brought from afar,
(Not from the valley of Eshcol,)
But in rare bloom and sweetness
Fitting a beautiful rival.

They climbed sun-kissed—dew-laden,
Up to their highest perfection,
Hanging their graceful drapery
Over their ruder protection.

Transferred with delicate kindness
Generous as their rich juices—
I prefer assumption of debt
To the freedom which refuses,

For in my memory rises
A tender and true old saying
Concerning a cup of cold water,
With a promise of repaying.

So I rejoice in my clusters,
  Fruit of the valley of promise,
From store of whispering lessons
Meekly and gratefully cull this.

There is a holy ambition
  Aspiring, in thought and action,
To lift by the rare elevation
  Of virtues' and graces' attraction.

If out of life's season, only,
  Of blessing or benefit, grow
One beautiful bounteous cluster,
  We cannot its estimate know.

"IN HOPE OF A GLORIOUS IMMORTALITY."

Fear not the Winter storm;
  Snow cannot chill
Or harm this beautiful clay,
Our little freed immortal
  Went up the shining way.

Coverlet softer, whiter
  Than daintiest couch
Flutters down, from above,
To fold with blossoms of Summer
  Sweeter blossoms of love.

Sure as earth shall restore
  And clothe again
  The buried flowers,
The blessed Summer of God
Shall renew in life and grace
  This buried germ of ours.

So let sharp sorrow be
  Softened by Faith,
  Brightened by Hope,
The bliss of rich possession,
Of treasure beyond loss
  Tenderly buoying up.

"THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE."

There came to me on the low, soft, night
Wind a whisper from the spirit land, breathing
In accents sweet, "Another snow-white form
Glides by the stream of life; another voice
Is added to the angel band; another
Harp attuned in Heaven."

Tread softly as you
Pass, gay, busy throng, hush ye the careless
Words upon your lips, let not a thought
Of mirth disturb the present hour, for Death
Is here, ye may look on and wonder. The old

Sink down calmly to rest, but when the death
Damp steals upon the brow of youth, or
Childhood's beauty fadeth at his touch, ye
May well pause a moment. I have seen the
rose
On fair cheeks brighten, till the rich tint was
All too beautiful, and then Death came and
With his icy fingers stole it, and left
His pallor in the place where it had been
The fairest. I have seen the eye beam with
A lustre borrowed from on high, but
Even while I gazed, an angel stooped and
Bore it back unto its native skies. Then
I wept, until there came this sweet voice
Unto me, and ye have heard it, saying,
"Another snow-white form glides by the
stream
Of life; another voice is added
To the angel band; another harp attuned,
In Heaven."

A fair young girl sat in the place
Of prayer, with thoughtful brow and willing
heart.
She had begun to sit at Jesus' feet,
With spirit meek, in her young morning, but
The Father saith, "My child, come home,
earth's strife
Is not for thee," and lo! He sent His angel
And took her from our midst. Then there
came
To me these tidings, and I bowed my head

And wept in bitterness of spirit, and
Even then came this same voice unto me;
Have ye not heard it, saying, "Another
Snow-white form glides by the stream of life;
Another voice is added to the angel
Band; another harp attuned in Heaven"?

SNOW.

Emblem of Purity
Down-dropping silently
With delicate grace,
Hiding the barren earth imbrowned,
Softening angular boughs uncrowned
Since Autumn's flaming carnival,
With cool soft touch
Fall upon me.

Robe of fleeting beauty
Doing humble duty
'Neath defiling feet,
Protecting sleeping flower roots,
Insuring lives of embryo-fruits,
Losing self in thy ministry,
With cleansing touch
Fall upon me.

Emblem of Charity
Covering gracefully
With spotless mantle
Uneven ways—unsightly things—

Leveling, smoothing, sparkling wings
Floating white crystals in waste places,
With gentle touch
Fall upon me.

Dazzle critical sight
With reflected light
From the sun's glad face,
Winged presence of Purity,
Beautiful spirit of Charity,
Descending widely, perceptibly,
With hallowed touch
Fall upon me.

ODE TO 1859.

Thou hast taken thy place with olden time,
Thou youngest of the years,
Thy brief days numbered, nevermore
Thy friendly face appears.

We knew thee first in thine infancy,
Cradled 'mid winter snows,
With the bleak wind wailing drearily
Thy first young morning rose.

We were mourning then the steadfast friend,
Who, dying, gave thee birth,
And subdued voices welcomed thee,
A stranger, unto earth.

But thy childhood grew to laughing skies
Of glad and leafy June,

And roses wreathed thy lovely brow
Ere morning waxed to noon.

Thou hast led through vallies green and fair,
By waters still and sweet,
O'er barren peaks, by rocky isles
Where stormy surges beat.

Part of our throbbing life thou hast borne
Away on noiseless wings,
Scattered fragments of waste and loss
Mingled with precious things.

A few small trophies of victory,
By patient effort won,
And numerous scars as recompense
For earnest warfare done.

Thy discipline of our errant souls,
Thy strong, attractive force
Toward virtue, mark thy origin,
Proclaim thy noble source.

Indissoluble our history,
Pronounced and sealed thy fate,
We bow to the inevitable
With reverent regret.

REMONSTRANCE.

Going! this must not—cannot be;
My heart cries out impetuous denial,
My Muse refuses utterly a song,
With one low wail of bitter lamentation

Sits behind the scenes and, tremulous,
Surveys the slender thread of hope whereon
Relentless Fate such dear delight hath hung.
Speeds memory back these fleeting weeks
agone;
Rising up bright, like morning out of mist,
The clear shining of thy consistent life
Opens the panorama; thy Sabbath
Ministries, revered and hallowed
With the outspoken gospel; thy fearless
Spirit scorning to stoop to level
Of expedience; thy tender love
Embracing all mankind, betokening
Thy noble lineage; thy sympathy
Seeking out sorrowing hearts, pouring in balm,
Weeping with those who weep; thy words
of warm
Encouragement deep sunk like shafts of light
In thought's dark mine, gloomy sometime
and sunless.
I tremble not for thee, for thou wilt walk
Secure; thy conscious manhood impervious
To stain of creature worship, calling all
Thy peers, in God-given right, yet raising all
By the pure baptism thy example proves.
Wheel back, ye hasty moments, if so soon
Glad welcome yields to mournfullest farewell,
Helpless and dissonant. Fly to thy knees,
My soul, and patient wait the revelations
Of another morn.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Looking forward—looking forward
With a vague unrest;
How the dim, uncertain future
Fills the human breast!

Ever waiting for the morrow
With Hope's halo crowned,
Slighting blessings of the present,
Casting jewels down.

Looking forward to a phantom,
False, perchance, as fair,
Every eager grasp eluding—
Vanishing in air.

In the shadow idly waiting
For a golden beam;
Noble present work despising,
Still content to dream.

Looking forward—looking forward
From the darkest night,
Still the watch-fires of the spirit
Keep its altar bright.

Soul, then know thy wondrous mission;
Rise all glorified;
With the misty dreams of fancy
Be not satisfied.

Looking forward—looking upward
With a single eye,
Sowing for the heavenly harvest
Coming by and by.

PRAYER OF THE DYING.

"Dear Lord, unto thyself
  My spirit take to-day,
Weary and worn this frame,
  I long to fly away.

The morn is passing fair,
  The Spring-time beautiful,
But O! for heavenly air
  Panteth my waiting soul.

Earth's vain and transient joys
  Receding fast I see,
Heaven with its perfect bliss
  Dazzles and fills my eye.

Ye deep and tender loves
  This lower life hath known,
Loosen your mighty grasp,
  I pine to be at home.

Come then, my blessed Lord,
  Trusting, I wait for thee,
Oh! speak the welcome word
  That sets my spirit free.

Yet, if thy holy will
  Be further wrought in me,
Oh! let me suffer on,
  And suffer patiently."

Upward on wings of love
  Floated this last request,
And ere the day was o'er
  She entered into rest.

Of the guileless boy with his broad open
Brow, his clear and earnest eye, and bright
lips
•Eloquent with holy truth, fresh
From the sacred page. Snatches of song,
Manifold tender words and words prophetic
Throng upon me now, while through the mist
My dim eyes veiling, two slight clasped hands
Send up for me their mute petition.
Peace, my heart! the young disciple
With elastic step trod the sweet meadows
And the gentle slopes, but ere the path
Wound up the rugged hills a cloud received
Him from onr sight.

No more shall cloud obscure
His sky, rude blast no longer chill, nor tem-
pest
More appall, nor sin pollute, nor death
O'ercome.

The sunbeams stream in at the windows
As of old, the glad Sping hastens,
And returning leaves shall clothe the trees
He loved, now reaching out their arms in
silent,
Solemn mourning. Flowers shall bloom,
birds sing,
And fragrant air float through the open door
And light feet come and go, while we,
With chastened hearts, bend to life's burdens,
Or refresh our sinking faith with heavenly
Communion. This is not home—we take our
Pilgrim-staff, nor loiter here. On! On!

Our city hath no need of sun—the tree
Of life stands broad and beautiful
By the clear river. All the inhabitants
Are clad in radiant white, and wear,
As shining signet, the blest heavenly Name.

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

I think it over and over,
  My sister stricken and lone,
Missing the household treasures
  Of brighter months agone,
These weary dispirited days
  You walk the cheerful room,
Or sit by the sunny window—
  It does not seem like home.

I know what beautiful presence
  Lightened your morning care,
And the little empty rocker
  Beside your easy chair
Tells its daily touching story
  Of bitter and helpless pain,
Which the tender All-seeing Eye
  Watches again and again.

Do you think, my suffering sister,
  That He whose human tears
Fell at the grave of Lazarus
  Unmindful is of yours?
No! into the heart's recesses
  Barred to our dearest love

His messengers find entrance,
  Commissioned from above.

How oft in the on-coming years
  You list the tempest roar,
And riding the angry breakers,
  Bless God they've reached the shore;
How often beholding the wreck
  Of lovely promising life,
Even rejoice with trembling
  Your babes escaped the strife.

Or day by day in constant
  Avoidless war within,
When battling single-handed
  Each for herself must win,
When driven to Heaven's armory
  Girded for strong defence,
You can triumph in the thought
  Of their deliverance.

These weak hearts sadly falter—
  These doubting spirits quail—
Let us cling and climb together—
  The topmost promise scale.
The gentle compassionate Hand
  Lifting your darlings up
Leads you to their glorified band,
  Look up sister, look up.

TO C——.

With gift from two.

Small gift but joint, which means that we
  Unite modest ability
With that delightful quality
Which is not strained but free;
  It droppeth in the dew,
  It sparkleth in the sheen
    Of common sunbeams,
  It softly toucheth you
  While secretly you lean
    Toward ministries
  Which, though not life indeed,
  Hang over barren need
  The graceful drapery
    Of delicate vine,
  Or blossoming rose,
  Or cushioning moss.

Joint gift though small, its double guise
  Instinct with blessing, blesseth twice;
Who gives—who takes, must surely rise
  Above the sordid eager eyes
    Of estimated gain,
  No mere material thing
    For value received,
  A something consecrate,
    A souvenir, a ring—
  Find if you can its end
  Or its beginning. Well!
    The little ripples tell
  The current of the deep,

Though it be fathomless;
You hold the shining key
Of our small mystery.

AU REVOIR.

Bidding thee God-speed home
We will stifle regret,
Giving humanity play
Our narrow circle forget;
Heeding the sweet command to be
Full of rejoicing sympathy.

Add to hearty welcome
A zest of sudden joy,
Mingle sweet interchanges
With delightful employ,
Privilege, rest and loving cheer
Home vouchsafes to the wanderer.

Thus as we journey on,
Never the way so drear,
Little oases of love,
Wayside bowers appear,
Glimpses, earnests of what shall be
In our Father's mansion, presently.

LOUISA.

Oh! how shall we bear it,
Or what shall we say
When our household idols
Are turning to clay?

When the sweet human blossoms
  We fondly called ours,
From our sheltering bosoms
  Droop, frail as the flowers.

When friends who would comfort,
  But mock us with words
Which on the sore spirit
  Fall harsh or unheard,
How mute and how helpless
  Our love or our woe,
Beyond this dread mystery
  Powerless to go.

Oh! soothing and tender,
  In moments of gloom,
The story of Jesus
  Who wept at the tomb;
With sweet condescension
  He wins you to rest
Your sorrowful hearts
  On His pitying breast.

Your darling Louisa,
  So shielded by love
In a fair home below
  Knows a fairer above,
Beyond pain and sorrow,
  Beyond sin and tears,
With the glorified children
  Her innocence wears.

Oh! friends, who so lately,
  Felt all your souls moved

With a warm gush of pity
  For her whom you loved,
So our heavenly Father
  Yearns to bestow
Sweet comfort and healing
  Now upon you.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

Now sweetly rising through the mist of tears,
Memory lets in to obscure chambers
Her blessed skylight, and shapes her fair
And vivid picture. Since the mild dawning
Of November, one is absent from us
Whom to know in every day
Companionship hath been a joy. Of gentle
Mien, of rare and equable temper, graces
Of mind and heart blossomed like roses
O'er a sterling character, whose sunniest
View was home.
On two broad principles,
Supreme love to God and equal love
To man, he built the super-structure
Of a blameless life, and recognizing
The possibilities of evil,
In self-distrust, by simple faith allied
Human weakness unto strength Divine. So
Walking 'mid his fellows upright, albeit
In lowliness and meekness, his unconscious
Influence circled him like a halo.
In the full prime of manhood whose generous

Arm invited age and childhood to its firm
Support, and round the dear domestic group
A band of strength, he heard a higher
Summons, and relaxing his tender hold
Of earth, took hold on Heaven.

Yet not alone;
When flesh and heart might fail, and the last scene
Like pictured canvas faded out, He,
Who said, "Lo I am with you alway,"
Revealed His shining presence, and fixed
His joyful recognition. Who shall write
The epitaph of the just! Their record
Is on high, but fair and clear loved
Lineaments appear, while sorrow grows
To triumph as we gaze,—"The memory
Of the just is blessed."

SPIRIT-VIGOR.

Well! Uncle George is growing old,
For 'tis a sober fact,
I've seen a few stray, silver hairs
Threading the shining black.
No wrinkles e'er have clouded yet
His forehead, smooth and high,
The fire of youth burns brightly still
Within his pleasant eye.

His face may wear a shade of care,
His heart is warm and young,

He carries welcome in his smile
  And mirth upon his tongue;
His form is yet erect and tall,
  His footstep firm and light,
If Uncle George is growing old
  I see it not to-night.

I haste me back to olden time,
  My childhood blithe and gay,
Sweet recollections daisy-like
  Are springing all the way;
Many a frolic and merry romp
  The farmhouse walls have seen,
Methinks the echoes ringing yet,
  So wild the glee hath been.

The swift and viewless wings of time
  On silent mission sped,
Those careless days with simple joys
  As morning dew have fled,
Wide scattered is the noisy group
  So oft and gaily met—
I question if Life's sober shade
  Exceeds the sunshine yet.

Full thick and fast have changes come,
  Less than a score of years
Have given the child a woman's heart,
  A mother's joys and cares;
Lightly they've touched one active form,
  Nor left an impress yet,
Save a sprinkle of white amid
  His *quondam* locks of jet.

No change our friendship ever knows,
It bideth the winter snow,
Uncle George of my childish thought
Is dear and honored now;
That his heart is tender and true
He cannot quite conceal,
Although he mingles grave converse
With a spice of humor still.

Age withers not the loving heart
Nor dims the spirit eye,
Wrinkles and frosts cannot impair
Our immortality;
Secret and safe abides the pearl
Though the frail casket fall,
The royal soul inspired by love
Is conqueror of all.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Luke 19, 1—7.

He entered and passed through
The streets of Jericho, while on His steps
The expectant multitude pressed closely.
Zaccheus, chief of the publicans, rich
But dispised, of stature small, desired
To see Him. Running before, he climbed
A sycamore tree and waited by the way.
Hither they pass with tramp of many feet;
His eager eyes o'er look the little band
Of true disciples, the fickle throng, subtile
Questioners, and him but late redeemed

From blindness, following. One Princely
Form,
Of countenance serene, stern to command
But swifter to beseech, fixes His gaze.
Lo! He looks up and saith, "Zaccheus, make
haste,
Come down, I must abide with thee to-day."
And he made haste and joyfully received
Him. A murmur rose, contemptuous spake
The haughty Pharisee, "Behold! He goes
To be the guest of him who is a sinner."
Zaccheus stood humble and penitent
Before his Lord and said, "Half of my goods
I offer to the poor; where I have taken
Wrongfully from any man I now restore
Fourfold." Jesus said, "Salvation cometh
Unto his house to-day; he is a son
Of Abraham."
Still, 'mid thronged streets and by-ways
Lowly, a Royal Stranger entertainment
Seeks, and passing by the wise, self-righteous,
High, to humble publicans His presence
Breaks. Oh! ye who fain would climb, from
self 's low
Stand-point, some sheltering eminence, while
Jesus
Passeth by, He speaks to you, "I must abide
With thee to-day." Oh; sick with sin and
faint
With thirst and weary of taxation, make
Haste; open the door. Healing balm, living
Water and liberty enter with Him.

He asks not "Have ye name or place or gift?"
Only joyful reception. The room was
Low, dark, empty, but lo! the windows are
Illumined. Hunger and poverty sat
Here. Behold! a table himself hath spread,
Of viands heaven-imported, bread of life.
But how shall the invisible guest be
Recognized? Many knock here and
Introduce confusion. He cometh like
A king to take possession, not this day
But all days. Herein we know if He
Abideth in us by the spirit He
Hath given.

A TOKEN.

Sweet woodland blossoms! fresh from loving
hands.
Your dewy touch thrills me with tender joy.
Types are ye, exhaling delicate
Fragrance of two young lives, whose unas-
suming
Presence sweetens the atmosphere of home.
I read fair prophecies within these
Honey-cups. Culled from the shady dell
To soothe with cool refreshing the summer
Wayside, they speak to me of the dear
Sheltered nook, whence you shall go, beloved,
To refresh with the exquisite fragrance
Of good deeds the weary paths of life.
My darling ones, your thoughtful grace wins
Tenderest return. Bloom on in rich

Perfection your appointed season,
Then transplanted, immortal bloom
In Paradise.

"HE THAT HATH FRIENDS MUST SHOW HIMSELF FRIENDLY."

Did'st thou ever woo a bird
  From nest upon the spray
To list to thy friendly voice
  And follow thee away?
Did'st thou mark its timid look
  Seeing thy near approach,
Half sportively, half fearfully,
  Evading still thy touch?
Did'st thou note what tenderness,
  What caution led it on,
The gentleness, patient care
  Ere it was wholly won?

Would it leave its sunny home,
  Its nest upon the spray,
To favor thy light caprice
  Relinquish liberty,
If thou had'st not chained its powers
  By a deep controlling spell,
And taught this nature's wilding
  To love thee passing well?
If perchance thy rude address
  Should once repel its trust,
Thou would'st find the free spirit
  Could ne'er be captured thus.

Human hearts are like the bird
  In native rights secure,
Wary and ready of flight
  At mere display of power,
Only by delicate ventures
  Charmers may hope to win,
Affection once alarmed
  Distrustful grows again,
If it cannot make escape
  Like the bird wild and free
It will droop and sadly rue
  Enforced captivity.

The bird and the heart were made
  To trill a happy song,
'Mid glad peaceful conditions
  Which full sweet notes prolong,
No sorrowful prisoners
  Silent with folded wing,
But willing hostages
  Ready to soar as sing;
Who would not reciprocate
  This joyous confidence,
Strive to be wise in winning
  And worthy to hold from hence.

SUNSET, AUGUST 22ND.

Saw you that sunset?
'Twas as if the floor of the blue heaven
Uplifted, and the light broke through with
glory

Indescribable, flooding the western
Gate, mellow and changeful with the warmer
Hues of rainbow coloring, spreading
Intangible, till half the sky before
You rose transfigured.

Stay, let me paint it!
Nay, would'st paint the lightning, or a star,
Or skillfully fashion a flower to bear
Comparison with the exquisite
Shading, or delicate pencilling
Of the Almighty's finger? Would'st bid
The slender twig in fair proportion rise
And spread its arms above thee, yielding ripe
Fruit or cooling shade? Would'st carve, out of cold
Marble, thee a thing of life, a semblance
Of the beautiful soul-presence of a child?
Would'st imitate aught of thy Maker's
Handiwork, and in the pride of thy
Creation pronounce it good?

Oh! let me
Not profane such hallowed scene or dabble
It with gray earth tints. Aye rather let mine
Eye drink as the heart drinks love, or bask
In it as doth the soul in the ineffable
Light of God.

TO F. AND M.

Beloved! the stars beam down
Tenderly bright,

Full from her radiant throne
The queen of night
Silently smiles—
Happy omens! Light and Hope
Glisten through yon horoscope.

Over this path as you go,
The solemn trees
Veined fragments of shadow throw;
Lighter than these
Fall coming shades
Duty's sober framework graces
And connects love's shining spaces.

Pledged in beautiful faith,
Your two hearts one,
Undaunted, walk hand in hand
Joyfully on,
One for the right,
One in holy endeavor,
Blessed and blessing forever.

TO THE FOUR MOTHERLESS ONES.

Little band of bereft ones,
Tenderly go
Out from my aching heart
Yearnings for you;
Though your young faces
I have not seen,
God makes us kindred
In suffering.

Little band of bereft ones,
  Tearful and sad,
Pause by this mystery,
  Checking the glad
Mirth of your voices,
  Holding your breath
In this motionless
  Presence of death.

Little band of bereft ones,
  Out to your play
You go on the morrow--
  Grief cannot stay
The course of a child,
  But at night-fall
Coming home weary,
  "Mother" you call.

Little band of bereft ones,
  Many a time
In the on-going years,
  Our hearts will chime
In pitiful wailing,
  As motherless
We traverse this valley
  Of weariness.

Little band of bereft ones,
  A grieved child,
I kneel weeping beside you;
  Knowing what wild
Billows of sorrow
  Darkly encompass,

On the waves walking,
  Jesus speaks "Peace."

Little band of bereft ones,
  Comfort take here,
Cling fast to the promise
  Such are His care,
Nestle close to Him,
  Savior and Friend,
None can e'er pluck you
  Out of His hand.

WELCOME TO APRIL.

Coquettish month! thou herald of fair fields
And blossoming gardens, thy fitful sunlight
And thy clouded skies, thy fleeting showers,
Thy chilling breezes, and thy softer breath,
Wooing the sleeping genii, are alike
Of promise eloquent. How shall we welcome
Thee? May bringeth a manifest tribute
Unto Nature's altar, of leaves and flowers,
But thou preparest the brown earth to bring
Forth and bud. Concealed beneath thy mantle
Are germs of life which nursed by the sunlight
And the early dew reproduce Eden.
With thee come birds and manifold suggestions.
Hail to thee, April! this moment smiling,
Anon dissolved in tears, like one of Earth's

Too sensitive children. All young things
stir 'neath
Thy fleeting footsteps, touched by some tender
Sympathy. Thou whisperest to the fields
And lo! they don green-tinted velvet; thou
Peepest lovingly into the dim old
Woods and, 'mid the moss tufts, rise to greet
thee
Delicate shapes, the pale disc of thy few
Favorites like white stars set in emerald.
Fly then abroad over the land, a glad
Free spirit; scatter the signals of life
And general rejoicing. Welcome, thy
Varying moods, thy chary gifts, thyself
A touching emblem of our mortal race—
Light and shadow, mirth and tears com-
mingling.

"SHE GOETH TO THE GRAVE TO WEEP THERE."

To-day I stood by the little mound
Where my Mother's precious ashes sleep,
Softly pressing the mellow ground—
What could I do but wildly weep?

Slips of myrtle in glossy leaf
Tenderly clinging fibres spread,
A bunch of violets wild and sweet
Unveil blue mysteries at her head.

From the dwelling that we call home
Went such presence of light and love,

Out of our dark we cannot see
  Steadily through to the light above.

Then I think of the weeping ones
  At the sepulchre, how they said,
(Those white-robed angels) "He is risen,
  Seek not the living among the dead."

So I bend to my heavy cross;
  Fit and adjust it, blessed Lord!
Crowns are only for conquerors,
  Nothing suffered—no reward.

All His beloved wearing now
  Earthy image shall presently,
Dropping the mortal, be clothed anew
  After Him, in the heavenly.

AN EMBLEM.

A breath of exquisite fragrance
Floats like a living presence on the air
Subdued by April sunshine. Delicate
And subtle its fine ministry appeals
Unto my sense, as some refined thought
Unto my intellect. Come, let us seek
Together whence it wafts. One step this way
Pause here—I trace it in this blossoming
Heliotrope, clad in the royal purple,
Child of the sun. As sunward turns its
Radiant disc, so follow thee, O friend,
All gentle graces. My little emblem!
Soothe with thy cool sweet breath the summer air;

Mention in spicy odor the choice things
Embalmed. Embody invisible
Blessings.

IF AND IF.

If I were a sunbeam, that fairy thing,
I would fly to earth on radiant wing;
I would visit sorrowing hearts below
With glimpses of comfort and gladness too;
The spacious heavens I'd help to light
If I were a sunbeam sparkling and bright.

If I were a shadow, I'd softly steal
O'er misery beyond my power to heal;
I'd hide like a curtain forever true
Pitiful pictures from careless view;
I'd soothe the wretched to merciful sleep
If I were a shadow quiet and deep.

If I were a smile, a genial smile,
Lowering brows I would surely beguile;
I would twinkle in faces young and fair,
Illumine eyes sadly faded by care,
No welcome ill-humor should find the while
If I were a smile, a genial smile.

If I were a tear, a hallowed tear,
The burdened heart I would lift and cheer
By the sure relief of hnmanity,
The tender commingling sympathy,
No heart should grieve in loneliness drear
If I were a tear, a hallowed tear.

If I were a thought, a magnetic thought,
I'd thrill the world till philanthropy caught
An impulse to lift the weak of the land,
By the earnest word and the helping hand,
And into all lives a grand purpose wrought
Should arise and shine from magnetic thought.

"AND THEY SHALL BE ONE FLESH, ONE HEART, ONE SOUL."

The deed is done—the solemn word gone forth—
The marriage vow is sealed—is ratified
In Heaven. The happy bridegroom now has led
His chosen to the altar, there to ask
The sanction of high Heaven to make his own
Her most his heart approves. The young bride now
Has breathed the words that bind her destiny
To his. The golden chain encircles
Two hearts henceforth made one.
Think you who made
That vow, how solemn, aye, how deeply solemn
Are the words just spoken, promises
E'en now but breathing on your lips; this then
Your charge.
Love her, she hath left all for you,
Friends, home, the sweet endearments she was wont

To know, and turns with firm, unquestioning
Faith to link her very being with your own.
You have awaked a chord unceasingly
To vibrate in her heart. Her first spontaneous
Outpouring of womanly affection
Is to you; a living spring, whom none
Can fathom, in her mysterious nature waits
Your draught; stint not the cup, lest flowing all
Too swiftly weareth out the life, and late
You prove its depth, its power, its purity.
Love him, vested in you his dearest rights,
His choicest liberties. If you should fail,
The happiness of both becomes a wreck.
True to your sacred trust, a warm attachment
Will grow warmer, deeper as time speeding
On discloses to his view your priceless
Excellence. A happier lot is not
Ordained for woman. Scorn not the task to smooth
Man's rugged path through life's bewildering
Mazes, nor lightly estimate all needful
Sacrifice; your recompense, full trust
And warm appreciation. Match every proof
Of loving deference with fine response.
Lean on his stronger arm, but be not helpless.
Let him not bear alone the endless ills
E'er on life's path attendant, else perchance
He'll feel the burden—wish to be released—
For there are none among Earth's noblest sons

Quite perfect. Mother and sister are dear, honored
Names, by early memories hallowed,
But a true wife enters the inner court
Of man's divided heart, sits by its altar,
Fans its incense fire, inspires to worthy thought,
Noble resolve, invites heroic life
For home's renown, and for the victor shapes
Love's shining crown; errors she may lament,
Her aim gently to lead from sin, ambitious
Not to rule, her glory yet to win.
Man hath more strength, more power, more influence
In the assemblies of the great, but in one
Fair domain, woman may bear a holy
Sovereignty! of her own household, queen,
Beloved and blest. Oh! if you rightly value
Happiness, preserve love's chain entire,
Bright this new added link. So let Time glide
In peaceful measures through tumultuous sounds
Into Eternity's full harmonies.

CHALICE.

Sipping your drink,
Will you not think
Sometimes and gently of her,
Who would gladly fill up

To the brim, your life-cup
With sweet and purest Elixir?

Draw me a health
Out of the wealth
Of that fine sparkling nectar,
Which, far better than wine,
Makes the countenance shine,
The eye a radiant reflector.

Here's to supply
Unfailing—nigh,
Ever all thirst refreshing!
Springing out of the hills,
Run down the small rills,
And widen to rivers of blessing.

"THE SILVER CORD IS LOOSED."

Oh! to see the light fading
Unconsciously from eyes so dear, to know
The limit to the sweet companionship
And love of earth, is truly terrible!
While the paralysis of this great agony
Is on thee, we softly wait in the dim
Vestibule, obedient to the sweet
Tenor of our Lord's command, "Weep ye
With those who weep."
We bring thee blessed balm; whose
Healing drops with soft anointing soothe these
Inward wounds, and through the swollen veins

Diffuse a healthy rest. We bring fresh leaves
From the immortal life tree. Bind them close
O'er the torn edges of thy broken hopes,
Till they shall knit with new vitality
To an enduring substance. Welcome we
The great Physician, whose skillful hand
Abstracts the torturing sting, and the dull aching,
From these human hearts. He knoweth well all
The soul's vast capacities, prescribing
Only what its strength can bear; what our weak
Hands essay in vain, His matchless touch
Perfects; what narrow sympathy our yearning
Hearts bestow, lost in the measureless ocean
Of His love.

OUR BROTHER.

The sweet May mornings come and go
Like former years,
The days o'er run with mirth and song
Too glad for tears,
Through open windows floats the breath
Of orchard's bloom,
While at our feet the velvet turf
Spreads ample room.

But there is shadow in our home—
Oh! lovely spring,

Thy gentle airs, thy radiant smiles
Find us sorrowing;
We walk familiar pleasant paths,
And softly weep
For one beloved companion
Early fallen asleep.

So recently our mutual eyes,
Looking abroad,
Beheld the same earth, the same blue skies,
But now—O God!
The sunshine of Thy presence fills
His wondering sight,
And Spring perennial blooms for him
Day without night.

Beautiful dreams of time! ye lose
Half of your charm
When, the gates opening, life succumbs
At death's alarm;
Unto thy vanishing delights
We are not left,
Blessed provision Jesus makes
For hearts bereft.

Oh! happy hope! lift up our souls
And clear our eyes,
That from these lowly scenes Faith may
Exulting rise;
Suffering is o'er—sin is not—
Death is o'ercome—
We go to him—triumphant thought—
To Heaven, our home.

KATIE.

I stood to-day beside the little couch
Where her slight form lay in the sleep that knows
No waking; my heart questioned, "Is this
Death, so beautiful, so lovely?" The brown
Hair floated around the smooth young forehead
In luxuriant waves, and the meek hands
Were folded on her bosom; expression
Sweet, serene, sat like a living presence
In the fair young face; some kind thought had placed
A few frail blossoms tenderly above
The heart, which sent so lately forth through all
This wondrous frame the springs of life. Come ye,
And gaze, who fear to look on death. Is aught
Forbidding in this gentle sleep? Aye, press
Your lips to her's, my stricken brother. The
Dear clay is very beautiful. How oft this
Fond caress knew loving answer, but she
Is not here—this but the little house her
Spirit tarried in—the veil that hid her
From our mortal eyes. She hath put on
The robe of immortality—her infant
Lips begun that new and wondrous song, which

Makes the Heaven of Heavens ring till the echoes
Wake faintly below. Four summers, brief and
Bright, she flourished like the flowers she loved,
But in that upper garden is no blight,
No changing skies, no rude and chilling blast,
No shade, no tear. Smooth back the thick rich locks;
Look long and tenderly upon the little form
That love had made so sacred; take the glass
Of faith, "for yonder Heaven where angels see
God's face is not so distant as we deem."
Weep if you must, tears are no sin; Nature
O'er her early burial weeps, not one
Brief fleeting shower, but a long day of tears;
And Jesus wept, lo! He can comfort too.

GOLD-LINED.

Inscribed on anniversary of Father's birthday, with the gold pen, his gift on similar occasion of my own.

Dear Father mine, your delicate token
Of tender thought,
Though grateful thanks remain so long unspoken,
Is not forgot.

This its first labor, may no line unsightly
Mar the fair page
From its nice point, but beautious characters
The eye engage.

The swift years whirl relentless and returnless,
Bringing again
Our birthdays, flecked with beams of gladness
And shades of pain.

I wander back through memories rosy,
And grateful see
Along the way, in manifold traces,
Love's ministry.

Our humble home hoards riches of affection,
To us are given
The brightest links of tender love on earth
And one in Heaven.

We cling together, be it fair or stormy,
With reverent eyes
And ready hearts to grasp life's earnest meaning
Before it flies.

As in these pleasant places now we gather
One family,
May we walk hand in hand the great Hereafter
More perfectly.

CLOVE APPLE.

Odors of Araby! embalm this native
Fruit and fix in its minutest
Pores each perfect juice. Blend here the redolent
Orient with the orchard bloom and fruitage.

Speak for me the subtle mysteries
Of field and flower, color and fragrance.
Lead this friend into invisible gardens—
Gardens where rare exotics ope their
Delicate leaflets, and lowlier buds shed
Their exquisite breath, and the sweet sunshine
Gilds not alone our chilly northern sky
But the whole world of human blest unfolding,
And light is but the synonym of health
And joy and life; for our resplendent sun
Is lit at the great Fountain Head,
And light is life and life is love.

MOSS BY THE WAYSIDE.

Oh! do you know,
Under the snow
Or a coverlet of leaves,
Something green,
The barren scene
Of winter dearth relieves.

Long ere the first
Grass-blade hath burst,
Threading the black mold across,
Look as you go
Ever so low
For delicate tufts of moss.

E'en the cold stone,
All overgrown
With its tiny velvet spray,
Offers me rest,

Often oppressed
With the burden of to-day.

Something as sweet,
Daily I meet
On life's rugged wayside, too—
Mosses that grow
Under its snow
Exquisitely fresh and new.

Words of cheer,
Looks that endear,
Delicate, nameless deeds,
Growing so low,
Scarcely we know
Whence the conscious charm proceeds.

Many a stone
Thus overgrown,
Lying my path across,
Proveth a sweet
Wayside retreat
With its velvet cushion of moss.

MAY.

A long absent friend of sunny climes
And radiant skies grows eloquent. Her warm breath
Fans my cheek, while in my ear she pours
An inspiration which I cannot speak.
Fragrant from violet beds, where her light
Footsteps have so lately fallen, she glides
Among the trees and from the early apple

Blooms, playfully tosses a shower of white
Leaves in my way—a lovely challenge; I
Accept it and salute thee. I have sought thy
Presence in the dim sequestered nooks,
And caught the light of thy fair countenance
From many a hiding place. I know where
Thy first flowers appear, which, fairy-like, come
With thy coming and are part of thee. Aye,
We have walked together hand in hand beneath
Thy benison. What happy errand thine!
What munificent power attends thy modest mein!
What delight to make all waysides blossom!
Who would not be a messenger of gladness?
Children go Maying and dance about their
Garlanded emblem with innocent
Rejoicing. Sluggish pulses to thy smile
Respond with quickened movement. Dormant things
Rouse as if morning beckoned o'er the purple
Hills. What grace, what tender beauty I
Behold! Would it were always May! Yet should we
Tire of one another, gentle friend? Change—
Change—the seasons ring it. Day and night
Chase one another in perpetual round. Sleep
Locks us up in separate cells like capsules,
So rasping care excluded, rest, with light
Mesmeric touch, soothes life's uneasy chafing
And brings thy dewy freshness, O! beloved

May. New particles supply those worn
And waste, the same yet other, all things
new—
Wondrous economy—creation's plan—
Individuality clearly
Preserved—a perfect whole enclosing myriad
Parts as perfect—no single atom lost.
What revelations of all precious things
Are hidden in beautiful simile!

CROWNED.

A garland of fair flowers we bring
Spring's earliest, purest offering,
Whose delicate freshness doth beseem
The smooth young forehead of our Queen;
We chose the buds sparkling with dew,
And named them diamonds for you.
We wait your bidding and obey—
Long live our gracious Queen of May!

Elastic form and lithesome feet,
Of all fair maidens meekly meet
To wear a crown, and sit a queen
Beneath the May-bower's leafy green,
Reign over all by royal right
To do the true, and live the light,
Enlarge your realm, extend your sway—
Long live our gracious Queen of May!

CHRYSALIS.

The baby's heart has ceased its faint pulsation,
The still hands lie above,
Strange calmness settles on the tiny features
So sacred unto love.

This perfect casket, which enshrined a jewel,
We lay beneath the snow,
These untried powers, these winning infant graces,
A mystery below.

Are they all vain, O! disappointed parents,
Weary months, agony!
Of cherished hope and fond anticipation
Is this the *end* to be?

No! who can estimate the bliss of Being,
The priceless germ thus given,
'Mid angel teaching, angel ministry, shall know
Development in Heaven.

There its first conscious light, the face of God,
Its first sound, melody;
Surpassing sweetness wins those timid lips
The unknown song to try.

You may not watch the beautiful unfolding,
Its bright exotic bloom
Shall never feel the rugged northern blast
That sweeps its native home.

What can we give? the sad inheritance
Of sin and suffering.

This cherub flutters through mortality
Unconscious of its sting.

Oh! Mother's love, at once strongest and tenderest
In Nature's weakest hour,
To shield our darlings, thousand shades of ill
Defy our utmost power.

Lo! the broad bosom of a loving Saviour
Invites us all to hide,
Alike a refuge for our babes and us
Whatever may betide.

"GO, WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."

"Youth in its ardor, manhood in glory,
Infancy, life's path all yet untrod,
Childhood with dimples, age with locks hoary,
All have a work in the vineyard of God."

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity and the greatest of these is Charity."

Dear Brothers and Sisters,
The Master walked among His fields to-day,
Through mellow furrows where the seed awaits
The gentle blessing of the evening dew,
By the young grain whose blade rises distinctive
From surrounding tares, in the rose gardens

Where fair colors and sweet breath are all
The fruit He seeks, 'mid boughs of orchard promise,
Among vines climbing by rude support
To hang their clusters in the summer sun;
To every one of us He said, "Follow
Me; here is work. You strong, put in the plow,
Break up the fallow ground, sow the wide wastes
From out my liberal storehouse, make the paths
Straight. Ye whom experience hath taught, bring
All your skill and best economy
Of labor. Ye young and vigorous,
With generous zeal reclaim the soil, insure
Your title by actual settlement,
Turn the sod and hedge about it, sow all
The ground, for ye know not whether shall prosper
This, or that, or both alike be good.
Be diligent, nor faint at noonday heat;
With me ye are co-laborers; I send
The early and the latter rain, the earnest
Of your harvest. Ye patient souls, who all
Day strew the stubborn soil yet see no tender
Upspringing, blessed are they who, seeing
Not, believe; I will send you the Comforter,
And while you go forth weeping, bearing
Precious seed, my dews shall fall, my sunlight

Bless, and you shall come again with glad
Rejoicing bringing in your sheaves. Ye weak
And cumbered with much serving whose little
Fields are daily trodden o'er and o'er
With weary feet, and heads bowed down, because
Care for the quality and quantity
Of bread exhausts the vital force, faithful
In least, faithful in much; the disciple
Is not above his Master, nor the servant
Above his Lord; if I have ministered
Unto you, in love serve one another;
Your humble tribute I will receive,
And inasmuch as unto least of these,
Ye minister unto me. Where'er
The day's end finds your heads pillowed
Upon a stone, I will raise up a Bethel;
Up the bright ladder tender prayers shall climb,
And white-winged answers midway meet them,
And treasures come and go with glad exchange,
Treasures of faith, long suffering, patience,
Sown in your hearts and garnered up in Heaven.
When you have fallen asleep, out of your homes
The living answers to your prayers shall
Scatter broadcast the bread of life; your
Memory shall be blessed. Ye fearful

And faint hearted, who see the enemy
Entering like a flood, and say, 'a lion
In the way,' lift up your eyes! behold
The mountain full of chariots! fear not,
'They that be with you are more than they
that
Be with them.' Ye lowly, bend and clear
Obstructions, that those who follow feebly
Be not entangled. Ye little ones, haste
To the garden, remove the thorns while you
Consider the lilies. Are any joyful?
Let them sing. Any afflicted? let them pray.
Are any turned aside? restore ye
Such in meekness. Be pitiful, be
Courteous, watch against enemies, guard
Well the little foxes that spoil the tender
Vines." The days demand a singleness
Of purpose, and earnestness of soul
To occupy the world. The kingdom
Suffereth violence. We live by deeds,
Not years. "That life is long which answers
life's
Great end." Do any say, "We wait
A preparation?" Behold, abideth
Charity. Our sluggish spiritual
Pulses have felt the stir of love's divinest
Life, herein is preparation. Jesus
Gives us new vitality, that we may
Honor Him by our activity. Let
Love to him o'er-run each blest full cup,
And drop with heavenly charity
In all our daily walks and labors—love

To one another, be like the precious
Ointment upon Aaron's head, that fell
With fragrant largess all o'er him—love
To the tempted, wayward, erring, lost, like
His, who sought and led and lifted, lightly
Esteeming suffering or reproach, who
Said, "I came not to call the righteous,
But sinners to repentance," who says, "work
While 'tis day; work all the day; work, and I
Will repay."

EVENING.

In my sylvan retreat
Light and shadow meet,
  Lovely autumn eve:
The horizon all aglow,
Softest vespers chiming through
  Overhanging leaves.

October's hazy air
Floating everywhere,
  Sweetest mystery
The gorgeous scene enfolds,
Blended crimson, green and gold,
  Veiling tenderly.

Through enchanted bowers,
The delicious hours
  Speed with noiseless feet
Touch the golden thither shore,
Returning nevermore
  Never yet so fleet—

Like murmurs of the sea,
Heard vague and distantly,
  Din of busy life;
Nature's treatise I pursue,
Ever changeful—ever new,
  With instruction rife.

Fluttering to my feet,
Delicately writ
  Each exquisite line—
Spring's unfolded mysteries—
Leafy summer histories—
  Tiny volumes shine.

Yon graceful willow tree
Rehearses, tenderly,
  Captive Israel's plaint;
Ever drooping—ever weeping,
Unseen harps sad touch o'ersweeping,
  Bitterest lament.

Cool winds, arising now,
Dewy fingers from my brow
  Dissipate the spell,
While the apple branches sway
To a charming roundelay,
  Scarcely audible.

So shadows close around—
Darkness on the ground—
  Dimness o'er my sight;
Heaven's unclouded blue above—
Earth o'erwatched by boundless love—
  Welcome, starry night.

MORNING.

See! Aurora comes apace
  Up the blushing eastern sky,
Radiant with loveliness,
  Riding royally.

From their various repose—
  Rustic couch or downy bed—
Glad and sad, with like intent,
  Lift the drooping head.

Thoughts' swift arrows cleave the air,
  In their wide and eager quest
Flitting past the drowsy eye,
  Viewless—numberless.

Lo! this sweet returning light
  Reveals many an anxious brow:
Issues vast, and mighty throes
  Weigh the moments now.

Omens of the coming dawn
  The aroused nation sees,
Breaking the delusive dream
  Of ignoble peace.

Strong in Right, her loyal braves
  'Neath their insulted banner flock
With united front, to meet
  The approaching shock.

From their laudable pursuits—
  From the busy ranks of toil,
Called to settle o'er again,
  This contested soil.

Justice's giant arm upreared
  Startles with terrific awe;
Clashing—crashing strokes make way
  For majestic law.

'Tis the gloom preceding morn;
  Oppression's struggles—tyrant's rage
Hasten on the glad Aurora
  Of the golden age.

Blest the ready—armor-clad
  Sleeping not upon their post,
Joining the triumphal march
  Of this sacred host.

Blest are they whose joyful eyes
  Welcome morning o'er the hill,
As a revelation new,
  Of a Father's will.

They shall see a fairer dawn
  Flush the heavenly orient;
Clouds and shade evanishing—
  Death's night quickly spent.

THE GREAT REBELLION.

1860.

The night gathers—darkness that may be felt
Obscures America—the storm lowers—
Its heavy thunder-bursts reverberate
Around the globe, stirring the sluggish pulse
Of nations. Its lightnings flame to farthest
Boundary of our native land—sublime

Yet awful spectacle.—We shrink aghast
From the black precipice upon whose
Outmost verge we stood unconscious. We
spring
Up from the sleep which was almost our death.
Through dim eyes see thousands of braves
marshalled
Beneath our glorious banner, firm
And undaunted, sweeping with one broad
glance
Its sacred folds and heaven; I see the foe
Advance with shouts of exultation,
Bearing aloft their hateful symbol, I see
The nations world-wide, view with intensest
Interest, America's great experiment;
I feel the loyal hearts in this free North
Throb with a mighty energy; behold
Through their clay-trappings, heroes noble
In doing—nobler in suffering. Lo!
The lines of partisan strife annulled—
All creeds forgotten—all forms abolished—
Brothers stand shoulder to shoulder for our
Liberties, our own dear Magna Charta.
Terribly earnest the coming drama.
Cowards may flinch, and traitors fear to die,
But the true sons will guard to their last breath
Their father's legacy.
The morn shall rise,
And its delightful air from the night's storm
Swept of miasma, come purified and clear;
Again from hill to hill resound the busy
Notes of industry, dear ones returning,

Thrice dear by peril, with songs of victory
And glad hosannas—infamous oppression
Hydra-headed, vanquished and slain. Man
Shall sit beneath his own vine and fig-tree
Unmolested—body and soul enfranchised;
Unity and liberty proclaimed
To the great family made of one blood.

FIRST PURITY—THEN PEACE.

Dedicated to our brave volunteers.

Go, brothers, go;
Add your bright tapers to the beacon light;
Pile high the friendly watch-fires—
Our good ship ploughs a rough sea through
storm and night.
The wild war-fiends
Leashed to the Almighty Hand,
A season, hold posession
Of our distracted land.

Hark! in the lull,
The wail of sorrow, and the moan of pain—
The suppressed agony
Of great hearts bleeding, Justice to maintain,—
Heroic words
Rung out like clarion peal,—
Voices of mighty prayer
On clash of ready steel.

Ignoble souls
Who falter now, and false to Freedom prove,
With white lips crying "Peace,"

Let hot rebuke administered in love
Sting to action.
There is no neutral spot—
We love our peerless country,
Or else we love her not.

Shall free sons bow
To the base thralldom their brave sires disdained?
Unprecedented power
Stoop to the yoke's unprecedented shame?
All noble blood
Wasted—the glorious past
Annulled—Tyranny crush
Humanity at last?

No, brothers no!
Your stalwart forms, a living breast-work, shield
Our blood-bought liberties;
The struggling world awaits this crisis-field
With trembling hope.
On to the rescue! fly!
Esteem no sacrifice
Too dear for Liberty.

Go, brothers, go
From the free homes of our beloved West,
Of her broad interests mindful;
For freedom and for God each inch contest—
Bone of one bone,
A consecrated band,
Suffering through every nerve,
With one loved Father-land.

Go, brothers, go!
Though strife be deadly and the battle hot—
By pureness and by knowledge
Exalt our cause—we charge you, fail us not;
The brave at home
Will put a cheerful courage on—
Stand by you undismayed,
Till victory be won.

COL. ELLSWORTH.

A gallant champion of a noble,
Cause has fallen! The clarion peal
Of our advance guard rings back prefaced
By a knell. Before the battle smoke
Darkens Virginian skies, or the foe
Knows one fair encounter, the sacrifice
Begins. Are our hearts brave to suffer?
The young, intrepid commander, the martial
Hero, the citizen-brother, the son,
The affianced is the first offering
Upon our country's altar. One blinding
Lightning flash electrifying all
The land—the fatal type mingle and blur—
From lip to lip the sympathetic word
Runs tremulous. How the indignant
Blood mounts up to fever-heat and hurries
Impetuous along the vital
Avenues. A murmur loud and deep swells
On the troubled air; full many a comrade's
Arm is nerved to smite the accursed
Treason, whose acknowledged aim is at

The nation's life, through her heroic sons,
Whose tactics train licensed assassins,
Whose dastard blows covet no open field.
Down with the hateful symbol of rebellion!
Float the old colors proudly at half mast!
America's sons can die, but brook not
Insult to her sacred flag. With measured
Tread follow the muffled beat of the slow
Dirge—one vast procession mourning one
Common loss. An honored grave on his free
Mother soil, 'neath the dear banner which
knew
No rival allegiance; foremost
In action, first to fall. A name embalmed
With tender memories in patriot
Hearts forever, his fair inheritance.
Brief, bright career! nor taunt nor cruel
Violence can dim his immortality.
Rest, representative of a royal
Race; the flaunting, scorned usurper stained
With thy martyr blood, a dear bought trophy—
That blood transfused swells the great veins
instinct
With life and healing.
Who shall be next bereaved?
Through what exquisite nerve cuts the next
blow?
America's challenged freemen rise
In their strength, a great avenging power.
Behold their majestic bearing, their
Streaming banners, their unsheathed swords!
Hark!

The swift tramp, the stern command.
Gird ye
True braves! Not conquest, not base gain
impel
This strife—Jehovah's holy war! at peace
With Him, resist embattled legions.
Sweet land of liberty—our Country.
Liberty's mighty patron—God.

1861.

"To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under Heaven."

Herein is manifest fitness—the world
Casts in her crucible all shining things
And puts them to the test—exacts from would-
be
Orators a maiden speech—bids scholars
Prove their research—preachers win by rarest
Practice, smallest meed of praise—doctors
Discourse skill deeper than "Materia
Medica" of words—philosophers
Experiment a life-time—honesty
Run in one's character like vein of ore—
No donor this matter-of-fact world. Who
Wears them, earns her laurels.
What sort of metal
Do ye put in blades? The truest steel,
Fine tempered, fire tried, keen edged,
Adroitly polished. Swords are no idle
Toys—they flash on heroes with significance.
Do we beguile these moments, heavy
With portent, in playful passes, or ask

Less of the soldier than this plain age
Demands to prove his mettle, and base
Approval on the future fact?

PIC-NIC, JULY 4TH, 1861.

Hie away to the woods
  This anniversary;
Nature holds a carnival,
  And decks in smiling mood
    The grand ancestral hall;
    Away—away—away!

Out of the dusty town—
  Out of the din of trade—
Gladness and joy resound
  Through arches broad and free
    Far in the grateful shade;
    Away—away—away!

Here is room for the swell
  Of Freedom's mighty wave;
Trustfully still we hail
  Our independence day.
    Huzza! the true and brave!
    Away—away—away!

Cheerful in camp and field
  Learning the art of war,
Forward with orders sealed
  Stern work our brethren do
    On simple soldiers fare—
    We'll take our rations too.

Here's to our dear birthright—
When enemies assail
We pledge the sword of right,
The strength of stalwart hands,
They never shall prevail,
Or clench on us their bands.

Here's to the banner we love,
Mighty on land and sea,
Proudly it floats above
America's sure strongholds,
Trained armies of liberty
In schools and Sabbath schools.

Glory to God on high!
Our cause doubly His own,
He will give victory;
Reigning supreme o'er all,
At His behest alone
Nations arise or fall.

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Christ's bold Embassador
Unto a world in arms—Patriot—Brother—
What signs? The troublous latter days of the old
Prophecy, hasten apace. I see thee
Standing, bearing thy great commission bravely,
Expounding the hidden life which no device
Of war—no swift and deadly weapon
Can assail, before which fourscore years

Of earthly habitation dwindle
To nought. To-day's occasion proveth
Christ's freemen, or willing slaves of Sin.
To-day America's heart throbs mighty
Pulsations through her countless veins. To-day
Her sons are summoned from their peaceful fields,
The avenues of trade, the halls of learning,
The sanctuary, to gird on the sword
And learn the art of battle; her granite
Hills rock to their base and issue volcanic
Lava—her broad prairie expanse trembles
And surges with a great upheaving—
Her free homes feel the shock of her contending
Armies—her virgin soil, as yet unpressed
By traitor foot, rears quietly its
Green sward to the sun, unconscious of events
Shaping its destiny. The Father of Waters
Flows its wonted length, albeit it hath
Shadowed the badge of rank rebellion.
The sounds of martial music trespass
On the night. Husbands and sons and brothers
Meet the imperative call of duty.
Fearful the pause, as in mid-ocean
A calm heralds terrific tempest;
Fearful the clash of hostile brethren;
Fearful the stain that must wash out in blood;
More fearful still the onward march
Of despotism—this Lucifer who would
Be king in Heaven.

This Gordian knot
Must know the thrust of a keen blade.
Who with oppression yoke must feel
The avenger's red right arm, for "*Right is Right since God is God.*"
Who will to do His will—
'Tis they whose pilgrim feet lead 'mong
The heather-hills, whose skies by day glow
Vivid hues or glisten promise-bows,
Whose tent by night is the Most High's pavilion,
Whose daily food is manna, whose raiment
Is Christ's righteousness, whose dialect is love.
Fold us, great Will, in Thee, to *do* or *suffer*,
America's loyal braves, the world
Our kindred, and Heaven our better country.

TO ONE IN CAMP.

From under your canvas roof,
Leagues and leagues away,
Homeward swift winged thoughts
Flutter at close of day.
Stretching before your vision
A stranger landscape lies,
But your eyes and hearts are busy
With distant memories.

No tender and beaming glance—
No sweet familiar tone
Of the loved and loving ones
This moment, meets your own;

But the flash of gleaming sabre,
  The crack of rifles near,
The roar of deafening cannon
  Forever in your ear.

The hum of many voices,
  The tramp of many feet,
The daily march and drill,
  The fearful risks you meet
Develop the sturdy sinew,
  Are stirring the hero-blood,
And teaching you what a power
  Is in you, for ill or good.

Oh! great our load of sorrow,
  Heavy and dim our eyes
With constant heavy pressure
  Of sore anxieties;
Hoping and waiting and praying
  That our brave and gallant boys
As valiantly enroll—
  Good soldiers of the Cross.

Then when this war is over,
  If never again you come
With your cheerful manly presence
  To gladden an earthly home,
We shall know you have gone to receive
  Enduring laurels above,
Where time may complete our circle
  In that beautiful home of love.

A SOLDIER'S PORTRAIT.

Wistful, earnest, gravely tender,
  Humid, lustrous eyes,
Eloquent thy voiceless language
  Of rare memories.
Oh! so lately flashed upon us,
  Like a bright autumnal day,
Thy strong spirit up and girded,
  Many, many leagues away.

What intense and deep emotion
  Through that slight frame thrills—
Faithful transcript, I can read thee
  Though thy calm is terrible;
Gazing till the thought embodied
  Peoples all the horizon,
That resounds with ringing armor
  And thy bold words, "Courage, on!"

Oh, for wonderful achievement,
  Triple coat of mail!
Oh, for talismanic weapons
  When enemies assail!
Oh! for glad and sure returning
  When the raging conflict cease,
Victor for Humanity,
  Thy kingdom—perfect peace.

I WISH THEE JOY!

I wish thee joy! yet not as they whose lips
Sparkle the effervescense of a sudden
Thought, forgot as soon as spoken; not joy,
A sluggish stream, slow flowing 'mid
Monotonous banks low stretched aside,
But something with a current, swift per-
chance,
And strong and high, bearing like the ma-
jestic
River life upon its bosom.
The bubbling
Rivulets down from the mountain spring,
Through childhood's hanging gardens and
youth's
Uneven terraces, seek this new
Confluence and harmonious glide
On to the limitless ocean. Harmonious?
Aye, if you will it so, and each
May bear the other's surface ripples,
With the great deep below all undisturbed
And calm. Mysterious beings, we!
Transformed by circumstance to gayest
Birds floating air-poised, or warbling mellow
Note; anon, silent with folded wing,
Our nature baffling keenest scrutiny,
We set a watch—we say, "Soul! I must know
Thee," but the various moods distract our
Sentinel, with rapid march and counter-
march
Dealing confusion; what we are,
Forever learning; what is our bosom

Friend, failing to fathom, wrapped up
In this similitude of flesh.
Enough!
These lower grounds of our acquaintance
Teem with sweet delightsome Edens.
I wish thee joy.

LIFT UP YOUR EYES.

I had bent wearily
Over my six days' labor. With hand
And eye attent while the swift hours chased
One another, and their stroke fell stinging
On my ear, like lash or spur to hurry
My o'er-wrought powers unto the evening's
Goal. For me the morning shone but to give
Light to guide my toil. Whether the night had
Stars or moon I knew not.
The birds chattering
About my window of summer plans,
With the hum of the small trio reaching
On tiptoe to spy out their nestlings
In the apple-tree, smote on my nerves and sent
My needle's point into my quivering
Fingers. No peaceful thoughts run gentle rhythm
These distracted days; now loud, now faint,
The ceaseless recapitulation went on.
At length this week like other weeks grew old,
My self appointed task completed, I

Rose up and wandered dreamily
Outside the door. I lifted up my eyes;
Was this the same world I had inhabited
These tiresome days? This firmament, how wide,
How lovely! This universal green, how
Soothing to eyes dazzled with following
Shining steel! The air dewy and cool,
All full of mellow sounds like restful music
Charming every sense.
Laborers weary
In all departments of this busy life,
Lift up your eyes. These narrow bounds limit
Machinery, but not results of toil.
Lo! the blue vault retreats before your vision,
And lesser things grow less. No haste attends
The grand majestic movement of the spheres;
The seasons march in stately silence;
Lovely creations meet us each morn,
Counselling diligence and patience.
This perfect rose is product of a plan
Outlined in Eden. Six wonder-working
Periods date a beginning beyond
Our finite thought. He who sits upon
The circle of the earth is over all.
Keep the upward outlook clear, so skylight
Shall illume the difficult pathway, and
The unquiet spirit abide in peace.
Lift up your eyes.

SUMMER.

The skies are smiling in the glad June light,
That yearly comes to woo the changeful earth
Unto a miracle of loveliness;
The trees have shaken off their wealth of blossom
To put on their rich abundant fruit.
Amid clustering leaves I hear low,
Rustling music; not the saddened air
Of the old dying year, but a fresh, new
Tune of Summer's childhood.
There have come swift
Heralds to the woodland and the sheltered
Nooks and sunny glades have each prepared
A fitting garland for young Summer's brow.
Other fleet messengers paused by each
Door, and bade the roses lend their blushes
To her cheek. I saw them peeping out this
Morn to see if she indeed were here, and
Ere the noon they clasped her to their hearts.
She cometh with the joyous step of a king's
Daughter; no glittering pageantry, no
Pompous retinue forbid the humblest
Page, but her attendants spring from many
A wayside, and the ministers of her
Sweet will in all her Father's wide domains.
She hath no favorites; all may alike
Dwell in her smile through her long days, and at
Her evening banquets sit as honored
Guests. Her courts—the spacious fields, the palace—

The broad earth, sky-roofed; there is not one
Of all her many subjects who doth not
Play the lover; world-wide they sing her charms.
We welcome her to-day with glad acclaim.

RAILLERY.

There's a mischievous twinkle in thine eyes' deep shade,
With frolic and fun they o'er-flow,
I've smiled as I gazed and have musingly said,
"He's devising some witchery now."

How strangly, yet plainly, we fancy oft times
The thoughts on the features we trace,
While the soul flasheth out through its curtaining blinds
Its visible form in the face.

Oh! think not thy heart like a tablet unseen,
'Tis no difficult task to define
What sort of exchange passes current within,
Thou canst not deceive me in thine.

"MEMENTO MORI."

They told me it was but a child,
They laid in silence down
Beneath the bright and pleasant earth,
In her bosom dark and brown;
They tolled the bell less mournfully,
And methought their tears restrained,

Saying, "only a little child,"
  And went their ways again.

But my heart wandered drearily
  To the home late so bright,
Where gladness drowned in sadness
  Morning gave place to night;
Though rosy faces gathered
  About the cheerful room,
A shadow over the cradle
  Enveloped all in gloom.

There were fresh and breezy voices,
  Lips of roseate hue,
And eyes whose very brilliance
  'Twas blessedness to view,
But the baby of the household—
  The lambkin of the fold,
The new-born hope, the latest joy,
  Was motionless and cold.

And the mother's eyes with weeping
  Had suddenly grown dim,
The father's trembling lip betrayed
  'Twas agony to him,
The group of sorrowful faces
  So innocent, so young,
Proclaimed surpassing strength of love
  Whose tendrils closely clung.

The world speeds on with busy care
  Or vain and thoughtless mirth,
While daily little coffins go
  Out from the homes of earth;

Silence is for the lisping voice,
  Tears for the merry glee,
Where naught remains to the eager clasp
  But a tender memory.

Pitiful end if this were all,
  And winsome shapes which cast
So slight a shadow on the wall
  Hold so much of love; at the last
We shall find there is nothing lost
  Of the darlings or the love,
Hopes that happily outlive earth
  Are translated above.

RESURRECTION.

"As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

"Oh! Death where is thy sting? Oh! Grave where is thy victory?"

Our little Flora, living with us daily
  In our home,
Full of mirth and music, flitting gaily
  Through each room
Like a beam of sunlight, or a breath of bloom.

Ours, yet unknown, wrapped in childhood's mystery,
  Day by day
We conned with eager eyes the growing history,
  Hid away
Choice little passages for a future day.

So nine rapid summers touched and bright-
ened
Flora's brow,
While the covenant angel gently troubled
Depths below,
And the radiant spirit meek and tender grew.

A new trophy of the immortal story
Of the cross,
Her young life hath gathered wondrous glory
In its loss,
Child-conqueror through her Redeemer's cross

Angel of your household! anguished human
parents,
Life is long
Which life's great end so beautifully answers;
Oh! be strong,
Flora lives and sings among the white-robed
throng.

IMPROMPTU.

My friend, these sweet-breathed
Flowers are faithful messengers. How well
Their lovely faces mirror loving thoughts.
I look and lo! each subtle phase of tender
Sentiment springs into form, repeating
The old sweet story in its winsome way.
Oh! silver tongues may sway the multitude
And human voices have wondrous charming
Cadences, but they who read, through brim-
ming
Eyes, in golden silence, the unwritten

Language of the lowly flowers, hold
A delightful cypher which unlocks all
Mysteries of expression.

OPPORTUNITY.

Not on the delicate pure expanse
  Of a frail and fading page,
Whose very existence hangs in doubt
  And dims with the dust of age.

Not on the restless, varying sand,
  By beautiful wave-washed shore,
The noblest motto of firmest hand
  You may hardly trace an hour.

Not on the marble so cold and white,
  Which the chisel and the steel,
May cut to its hard and pulseless heart
  Impressions as they will.

I stood in an olden place of graves,
  Vaults dim and shadowy,
Where some but a little time had lain
  And some for a century.

And the wild and tangled undergrowth
  Encompassed many a stone,
Whose gray and tarnished surface pained
  The eye to look upon.

The sculptured work of mightiest art
  With its outlines true and fair
Shall sometime crumble, and in the dust
  Lay the glory it doth wear.

Not upon these—with diamond point
And your pen of living light,
No time's effacing touch destroys
The tablet on which you write.

On susceptible, unfolding souls,
Earnestly, prayerfully,
With bold true stroke and unerring mark
Engrave for eternity.

INTERLUDE.

Sometime thy restless feet
Keeping swift time to thought's impatient march,
Momentous interests thronging thy busy
Brain and heavy on thy heart, will tread
Unconsciously within a charmed circle.
Lo! I wind to a sweet minor key these
Slender threads, their low and tender notes
Thou wilt not hear 'mid conflict. Some sterner
Music must stir thy spirit then and make
Thee strong, nor when thy heart from some delicious
Draught out of life's cup doth thrill and bound
Ecstatic; no, not then—the gentle undertone
Vibrates and swells harmonious
With soul-stirring anthem and joy's wild burst
Of melody as well, but in the tumult
Of thy thought thou canst not hear.
Hark! when
Returned victorious, with ungirt
Armor and a loosened grasp upon thy

Trusty blade, thou dwellest awhile in peace,
Or when the exuberant spring hath
Settled to calm flowing; tread lightly,
Softly, these minor chords shall play entrancing
Prelude to new victories and richer joy.

TO IDA.

My Daughter dear!
Eleven swift years ago,
Your infant form
Tenderly clasped as now
For the first time I held;
So gratefully content
By mother-love compelled
My head o'er yours I bent,
And back to the dear Giver
Gave the treasure lent.

With toilsome step
In erring weakness I've led
Your tender feet
Life's first flowery decade;
Made velvet paths divide
Your pleasures and your tasks,
Oft carried you beside
Still streams to bowers of rest—
A heart of generous love
Your own hath pressed.

Time's ceaseless wing
Marking each twelvemonth's stay

With added growth,
While it has taken away
Infantine loveliness,
As Nature's recompense
Supplies maturer grace,
Sequel of sober thought,
Inclining to the way
The wise have sought.

My anxious heart,
Conscious of impotence
In best intent
Of human moral sense,
Upbears you, 'mid alarms
From foes without—within,
To Him whose sheltering arms
Loving and wide shall stay
The feet that early walk
The narrow way.

My Daughter dear!
Life is a blessed boon,
But once received
Never hath respite—soon
The level, blooming way
Ascends and narrows—oft
Rocky and barren; they
Must climb who walk aloft
With steadiness and care,
And spirits animate
By purer air.

So meekly learn,
My child, your course to shape,

Quick to discern
The heavenly Guide who keeps
Invisible cognizance,
Humble, obedient
To softest inward voice,
Stern toward self—lenient
To other, crowning your choice
With sweet content.

Thus life shall be
To you, in beginning
And continuance,
The sum of good, winning
Golden approval, and
The beautiful bowed soul
By God's renewing hand,
From sin's pressure, shall rise
Elastic to regain
Its native skies.

"EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT."

What will you tell that little one
Meeting the steadfast look,
Discovering springs of action
As out of an open book?

How will you answer the questions,
Eager, straightforward, true,
Sifting all flimsy pretensions
Faithfully through and through?

Can you bear the glance of childhood
  Steady and keen and bright,
Like a glowing burning sun-glass
  Or wondrous second sight?

A critic close at your elbow,
  Or sitting at your side,
Discerning each look and gesture,
  Peering unwearied

In at the curious windows
  You vainly strive to veil,
Divining your hidden purposes,
  Divining when they fail?

Swerve from the straight line of duty,
  Err from the law of love—
The cheek of delicate beauty
  Flushes with hot reproof.

Dare tolerate crooked deceit
  In thought, in act, in word,
Lo! the child on the judgment seat
  Maketh swift protest heard.

Recount now how oft in a day,
  To this small tribunal
You have been hastened away,
  Despite remonstrance all.

To answer with earnest pleading
  Trifling discrepancies
Between theory and practice,
  Condemned before clear eyes.

To be truly what we would seem,
  To do as we require
Is our simple daily lesson—
  Can we learn a higher?

Oh! skillful and austere teachers,
  In your midst sits a child,
Who is nearer to the kingdom
  Pure and undefiled.

DAY-BREAK.

Fannie is sleeping
In yon curtained room, while the slant
Sun uprises bright and high, the vision
Of an endless day begins. All the night
Long, affection's various shapes were gliding
Noiselessly about her pillow, tender
Care and tireless watch waiting love's lightest
Bidding. The vital flame glimmered
And paled before the morn's refulgence,
Going out ere full meridian like
An exhausted taper.
Scarce whiter
The blanched cheek and pallid brow, than when
The soul from the wide windows of human
Habitation flashed immortal gleams.
Beloved and young, fond eyes braved
Trustfully the struggle of disease
With strong vitality, while Hope lit up
The cheerful tower 'mid a lone waste of Fear.

Freighted thus with untold earthly treasure,
Life's little bark went down, up from its wreck
Casting a precious fragment on the shore
Of time. We have seen the beautiful temple, once
Illumined by spiritual presence, closed and barred.
Hushed are the halls late echoing tuneful voice
Of song. The leaden mists of loneliness
And desolation, settling down, well nigh
Obscure the sky.

Oh! grieved heart,
Bleeding and faint with unavailing woe,
Thy murmuring cease;
Storm-driven and tempest-tossed,
Nearing some dangerous coast's
Delusive ease,
Accept safe conduct and glad entrance
Into the port of Peace.

How canst thou view
From this low stand-point the thick coming years'
Eventful march?
How shield thy best-beloved
From unadmonished ill,
Inevitable pain?
How shade from eyes bedimmed by frequent tears,
The coloring of life?

If earthly love
Be the glad sum of happiness below,
The portion, sweet,
Which hath a spice of gall
Ever embittering,
Oh! what shall fully prove
Delightful taste of the unmingled fount
Flowing above?

Unselfish joy
Shall, sharpest pang of sorrow thou dost feel,
Quickly destroy.
If Christ is life,
To die is wondrous gain;
Victorious crowns, He can dispose at will,
And end the strife.

A JUNE BOUQUET.

Radiant through last night's tears
Flower-faces beam on me a sweet surprise,
Over the garden gate a generous hand
Proffers a lovely, unexpected prize.

In the June sunshine revelling
My roses wander in their own wild way,
This rose knew careful culture, in rich blush
And liberal fragrance it doth well repay.

Clustering snowy Viburnum,
Heartsease in velvet tricolor, past praise,
Tiny gold buttons crowning slender stems,
And quivering pendants upon leafy sprays.

Tenderly touch them, living things,
  Wondrous in beauty as diverse in kind,
Simple and pure, their voiceless eloquence
  Thrills the mysterious universe of Mind.

This summer day wears added grace,
  The tinge of kindness mellows all my thought,
And shining threads across the sober web—
  Life's else dull fabric, tastefully, are caught.

INVITATION.

Come now and be my brother; look thou here,
See how the circle is all incomplete,
And how love runs to waste. My parents! weak words
Are insignificant to measure out
Their portion. My husband! Draw a veil round my heart's
Holy of holies, sacred to him. My little
Ones—life of my life! But there is many a
Chamber warm and large waiting a guest.
Wilt enter there and dwell? Wilt gather up
Some of the golden links and bind unto thy
Spirit? Hast no need? hath the great hollow
World so kindly dealt with thee that thou hast
Never felt this longing undefined
And undefinable—have dearer loves
With their mysterious presence barred the door?
Were I to offer thee a delicate harp

Whose cords were trembling with sweet
sounds, wouldst thou
Refuse the gift, because, forsooth, the setting
Were less rare and beautiful? The Summer
Breath evokes Æolian airs. The soul
Of song is silent in the untouched harp.
Pronounce we never the tone of any
Instrument till we have swept its strings—
won
For ourselves some masterful response.
Here, try thy skill, and awaken melody
If melody there be.

AUGUST FIFTH.

It was a night of storm, but the morning broke clear and beautiful. We stepped out from the presence of death and stood a moment in the serene light.

Hail lovely morn!
Baptized in light,
Thy wondrous calm is born
Of storm and night.
What tidings late from heaven?
Before thy earliest ray
Heralds of brighter day
Were sent to our beloved.

With wistful look
Surpassing speech,
Midway 'tween worlds he took
Survey of each,
While thought became too great
To sound with mortal tongue—

And the new heavenly song
  Is not for our dull ears.

So peacefully
  The silver cord
Loosened its tenure,
  As late fledged bird
Fluttering softly up,
  Soaring in glad surprise
The broad expansive skies
  With growing confidence.

Bring freshest flowers,
  For so each morn
Through the slow weary hours,
  His eyes would turn
Unto their radiant hues
  With soft admiring gaze,
And lowly spoken praise—
  "Are they not beautiful?"

Oh! life so brief,
  (And yet so long
We sometimes ask relief,)
  Thy ties are strong;
We feel the grander swell,
  We stretch the upward wing,
But then we turn and cling
  To what is tangible.

As side by side
  This rugged road
We walk, oft sorely tried,
  Following our Lord,

We seem to catch a gleam
  Bright as of opening Heaven,
And lo! wings have been given
  Some of our company.

Shall we say "Nay,
  Plod here with us,"
Or gird us patiently
  To brave our loss?
Assured of their sweet gain—
  Confident they will wait
First at the pearly gate
  When we are entering.

Oh! faith, thy flight
  Is loftier,
Beyond this human sight
  Intense and clear,
Evidence of the unseen,
  Substance of highest hope,
Lift our low vision up
  Toward the Unsearchable.

TO LILLIAN.

No gift in my esteem,
My precious child, would seem
  Too great to crown
The blooming year, that now
Its seal upon your brow
  Drops lightly down.

No fixed apparent line
Marks with visible sign

The period,
When childhood's fairy reign
Approaches the domain
Of Maidenhood.

Yet my fond eye can see
The dawn of sweet maturity
In your young heart;
In all the household need,
With loving helpful heed
You bear a part.

And when too heavily
Life's burdens upon me
So often press,
Your slender shoulders bow,
Electric currents flow
Through mute caress.

Yet through my blessed gain
Quivers a thought of pain,
For well I know
Your sensitive heart must share
The sorrows others bear,
Where'er you go.

I wreathe you o'er with love
Around, beneath, above,
My garlands twine,
All daily sweet supply,
All tenderest sympathy,
Is but its sign.

And if the consciousness
Of steadfast love is bliss,

Rejoicing know
The heart that held you first
Forever holds—at worst
Cannot let go.

I covet earnestly
A better legacy
For you than earth,
The portion of the blest
Whose chastened lives attest
Their royal birth.

So shall the fleeting years
Prove white-winged messengers,
Fluttering down
From Heaven's infinite blue,
Deftly to fashion you
A starry crown.

SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1872.

"All Heav'n,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence."

Lift up your eyes
In glad surprise
To see from dark-browed night
Such tender splendor greet your sight
This day of days.

The atmosphere
So pure and clear
Aspires on spirit wings

To waft the sublunary things
Of human lot.

The sunbeam's glow
Suffusing now
This dear familiar house
Walls and windows become luminous,
And gilt-edged all.

The spreading trees
Tossed by the breeze
Scatter the changeful light,
Checker the sward—the lawn is bright,
Anon subdued.

This shining scene
Inlaid between
You fold fragrant memories,
Embalm the sacred, by-gone days,
And tremulous,

Arise to wear,
With graceful care,
Over the daughter's modest gems
And sister's paler diadem,
The bridal pearls.

Friendship true and tried,
On every side,
Gird the new horizon
Of your invisible unknown,
With promise bows.

No earthly gift
Can so uplift
Manhood's loftiest aim,

Or grace a womanhood supreme.
As Heaven's dower.

So dark or bright
Enshrining Right
Walk ever in the glow
Of the eternal changeless Now,
And know no night.

"THE STEPS OF FAITH FALL ON THE VOID AND FIND THE ROCK BENEATH."

Along the busy thoroughfare
A father led his child,
One tiny finger grasped his palm,
Secure, she walked and smiled.

The way grew narrow, and the crowd
Compelled a moment's stand,
While the small voice imploring said,
"Dear father, take my hand."

Onward with swift and eager feet,
Beset with vague alarm,
Seeing not, but clinging fast
To the strong father's arm.

Onward, but the brave impetus
O'erflowed the brimming cup,
Tear-laden rose the tremulous cry,
"Oh father, take me up."

So in some clear and sunny paths,
We lightly hold and own

Our Father's kind extended hand,
  Or try to walk alone.

But the rough places and the hosts
  Opposing, bring a stand,
Our human weakness falters out,
  "Dear Father, take my hand."

The way grows perilous, we cling
  With the strong grasp of hope,
Out of the depths cry mightily,
  "Oh Father, take me up."

Oh! everlasting arms of love,
  Tender and close enfold,
Nor let us on the sunny slopes,
  Relax our child-like hold.

"PUT YE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Put Thee on, Lord! ah how?
  Before such glorious dress
My humble stature shrinks
  To veriest lowliness.

Put Thee on, Lord, all-fair
  All-lovely as thou art!
Can I such raiment wear
  Over this wayward heart?

Shall matchless symmetry
  Clothe sad deformity?
Shall heavenly radiance
  Transfigure common clay?

Will not these sin-stains mar
So spotless an array,
Or fleshly contact soon
Sully its purity?

Shall costly ornament,
Not proudest princess wear,
Gilding these lowly streets
My daily garb appear?

Ah yes! over the rags
Of all self-righteousness,
Dispose the shining folds
Of this resplendent dress.

Put Thee on, Lord? I will,
Thy spirit helping me;
Gird me that I may wear
Thee, meekly, day by day.

"IN EVERYTHING GIVING THANKS."

Thanksgiving! Come, my soul,
Record the mercies of one fleeting day;
What moments o'er thee rolled
With love tokens unblest,
Unfraught with happiness,
Since morn of yesterday?

What careful thought of thine
Led thy oft wayward steps this pleasant road?
These skies with lustre shine,
This landscape sweetly smiles,

Melodious sounds the while
Await thee all abroad.

No hidden painful thorn
In this rose-path hath pierced thy tender feet,
On unseen pinions borne
Above this lower sphere,
Where Love's warm atmosphere
Surrounds thy blest retreat.

When wrapt in last night's rest,
Intoxicate with bliss, thy closing eye
Forgot its watchfulness,
Whose kind protecting Hand
Kept thee, while o'er the land
Tempests raved furiously?

When the swift thunderbolt
Freighted with death thy head was hanging o'er,
Whose word of stern command
Shielded thee lovingly,
And bade it passing by
Enter another door?

Dost see this circling Arm?
Beholdest thou marks of especial care?
And doth intense alarm
Extort thank-offering
Thou dost not daily bring,
Spontaneous—not rare?

Know then—utmost extent,
And knowing, melt at thy ingratitude,

This sure protection sent
  Is but a little drop
  In thy o'er-flowing cup
  Of rich, unmeasured good.

What narrow tortuous paths
  Gaping with pitfalls thou hast trod secure,
Traversed what giddy heights,
  Whence one uneven step,
  One faltering look below
  Made swift destruction sure.

Take thy unfailing chart,
  Survey the landmarks on the heavenly
    road,
Bethink thee, dost thou walk
  Humiliation's vale,
  On Mount Delectable,
  Or Beulah, blest of God.

GOSSAMER.

  What is this,
  Weaving through October sunshine
    A bright fantastic thread,
  Caught up from lowly grass blades,
    Festooned overhead,
      In the light
    Gayly changeable,
  Floating in the shadow
    Almost invisible?

What magic
Deftly drew so slender fibre
Through countless skillful toils,
Ever cunningly entangling
In its silken coils?
Mimic bars,
Like the world's etiquette
Closely restricting
Every thoughtless step.

Who shall say,
With a confidence assured,
Where this dextrous weaver is,
Busily mending the broken web,
Or guiding its broideries,
Silk, broadcloth,
Clothing in silver lace,
Adding flowing fringes
With a peculiar grace?

Musingly
I follow this labyrinth,
Conning some proverb wise,
When a length of ready cable
Is spun across my eyes;
Aha-ha!
I suddenly seem to hear,
With this mocking whisper,
"Only a gossamer!"

Society
Stretching in devious circles
A maze of perplexity,

We pursue the tangled skein
  Of ultimate destiny,
    Oft blinded
  And turned sadly amiss
By those glittering snares,
  Cross threads of selfishness.

  By and by
The vigorous north wind breathes
  Over this hazy air,
Sweeping lightly, suddenly clear
  This fret work of gossamer;
    By and by
  The sober Winter of fact
Will scatter the flimsy veil
  Between motive and act.

FIFTEENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

All crystal gifts be yours, beloved!
Crystal gifts mirror crystal wishes well,
(Brittle and frail, alas! tho' fair,) as
Perishable shrine, they sometimes 'scape
Our fond possession, falling to dust, but the
    pure
Wish inclosed, as spirit incarnate,
Lifts beyond all that shatters, itself
A crystal essence.

  One decade and a half
Your separate lives have blended. 'Twere as

Two mountain springs foaming in glad exuberence
Past rock and root and shelving terraces,
In the sweet vale below settled to common
Level, confluent henceforth.

Through what still
Places or unquiet straits the sacred
Stream since swept, not mine to know. My subtle
Thought makes difference, harmony, and dearest
Love consistent with unlikeness. 'Tis depth
And swiftness meeting obstacles gives sparkle,
And depths are still when surface ripples rise
And effervesce.

I wish 'neath crystal skies,
Through crystal periods, o'er crystal channel,
Your united course to crystal melody
Set toward the crystal River. How fair,
How clear, how deep, River of Life! thy shining
Waters stretch beyond terrestrial limits;
Lives rich and glad, lives troubled, worn and sad,
Herein eliminate all that is earthy,
Clear as crystal flowing from the Throne,
On either side the trees of healing
Standing in crystal light. Himself the crystal
Source in the Celestial City of our God.

TWIN IMMORTALS.

Budded, to wither—born, to die—
Life's origin and end, bounded by one
Pale moon—the scope of its possession,
Compassed by a span—duration, summed
In inches—a cradle's breadth, sufficient
For two graves.
Elaborate vases,
Fashioned to enclose spiritual essence—
Luminous dust—visible semblance
Of the invisible—exquisite shapes
A passing moment, tenanted by angels—
Rare pictures, framed betwixt Time and Eternity—
Twin-embryo of Immortality.
Thus, side by side, lay them inseparate,
Softly dispose their white baptismal robes—
The Blessed walk in white—bring mrytle,
Wreath it so; its glossy leaf and colorless
Blossom, fresh with love's early dew, befit
So pure a burial. Birth was but death;
Death but another birth. Cherub and Seraph
Are the kindred terms infant and man
Approximate. Progression gains in Heaven.
God's great Economy produces not
Misshapen characters, here nor beyond.
Fetters and clogs hinder the earth-born
From his inheritance—scales dimming—
Baits alluring—weakness and weariness
O'ercoming—development slow
And imperfect—long years of rudimental Lessons.

The Heaven-born rise the eternal
Cycles with untiring wing—they go
From strength to strength, beginning without end.

SLEEPING.

Softly through the gossamer
Of October mist
Stream the chastened sunbeams,
In her cradle; kiss
Little Nellie sleeping.

On the light winds murmuring
Through the forests brown,
Stately monarchs playfully
Cast their leafy crowns
Little Nellie wooing.

Beautiful unconsciousness!
In that hushed room
Vain is nature's charming;
Universal gloom
Sitteth on the threshold.

Voices tender—tremulous
With unfathomed love,
Pleading agonized caresses,
Powerless to move
Little Nellie's slumber.

Ere to-day meekly seeketh
Its returnless bourne,
Brighter visions glorify

The enraptured morn
Little Nellie knoweth.

Mourn we the forsaken temple,
The deserted shrine,
Dimly through tears discerning
God, supremely kind,
Little Nellie taking.

Weary thoughts outwandering
Through the dark unknown,
With unutterable longing
For the darling one,
Little angel Nellie.

Deem not the blessed Saviour
Stern and pitiless,
Even when His hand is heavy,
Love is measureless,
Ceaseless, loving you.

Doubting never, O! remember
How He walked below
Touched by sorrow, sweetly soothing,
Willing, waiting now
Thus to comfort you.

Bearing life's severest pressure,
Sternest discipline,
Thus to lighten tenderly
Human suffering,
Knowing every pang.

Softly walk, joyful parents
Of an angel child,

Overpast this wilderness
Heavenly prospects smile,
Irradiate all between.

WITH THE GIFT OF A FANCIFUL CROSS.

I would that every cross you bear be
Fashioned tenderly—the while I shape
This slender shaft, I symbolize my thought.
Clear set against the shadow, its white arms
Seem appealing to an invisible
Strong one. May love determine and adjust
For you, adapting to each need fit strength,
And grace—while meekly bending to the burden
You go on conquering by this sign,
And joyful wear after the cross the crown.

"USING AS NOT ABUSING."

Oh! ruby clusters! hanging in the sun
Your ripe abundance, full of health-giving
Juices, cool and fresh to fevered lips,
Who would guess ye might be turned to poison,
And with hot torrent rush through human veins
To madden and destroy?

Oh! luscious grapes!
In royal purple, medicine and food,
Beautiful to the eyes, bearing benisons

Of the sick; the limit of your usefulness
Is past, when from the foaming vintage
A serpent shapes and moves itself aright.
Oh! Yellow fields of waving grain! whose
Liberal store repairs the wastes
Of life, and enters vigorous its large
Activities, how pitiful that your
Perverted use should raise the cry for bread
Where bread is not, and mock life-long the
hunger
Of the heart!

Ah! pertinent counsel, "Using
As not abusing." If wholesome good,
By straining its intent, become
The instrument of sorrow and destruction,
Shall we repeat the experiment,
And multiply the sorrow, and defy
Destruction? Will not a true philanthrophy
Wisely choose abstinence, and call that use
Abuse, which might offend a brother?

1825—1875.

Open the doors of welcome,
For of all the days of the year
The Golden Anniversary,
The auspicious day is here.

Crown it, beautiful snow-wreaths,
Rather than laurel or bay;
It heralds life's ripe December
And not its blossoming May.

From their scattered homes they fly
  Back to the sheltering nest,
Whose cordial hospitality
  Widens for every guest.

In the midst of his children
  Sits the Patriarch hoary,
And matronly Queen Esther
  With more than regal glory.

For of all precious treasures,
  Treasures of love are best,
And home the fairest kingdom
  A monarch ever possessed.

Like Abraham of renown,
  He left his country and kin
To rear this altar of worship,
  And gather a household in.

In a stern and rugged soil
  Laid his firm foundation stone;
This group of gentler graces
  From virtuous root has grown.

As in the olden forest
  The thrifty saplings spring,
And spread out comely branches
  Where folded leaflets cling,

So doth this family tree
  Perpetuate, and renew
Its life, in mature vigor
  And budding loveliness, too.

Complete now the golden link,
  Encircle the fireside round,
Pronounce the magic syllables,
  Let innocent cheer abound,

While with voices of blessing
  We mingle joyfully
Our best congratulations
  On this half a century.

Some days shone glad and sunny,
  Some gloomed sober and gray;
Life's dial points past noon tide
  And its hours hasten away.

Around this hallowed altar
  Where fifty years ago
This pair alone were witnesses,
  We reverently bow,

And ask that the shady hillside
  At evening time may be
Lit like a golden sunset,
  With radiant prophecy.

TO MY DEAR BOY.

While October's mellow skies
  Fringed the woods with flame,
Straying down this valley
  A little pilgrim came;
Neither rank nor fortune
  Did he claim to bring

But he took possession
  Like a very king.
Gentle hands were gathering
  All the tender flowers
Into sunny corners
  Ere the frosty hours;
But no flower was tended
  With such dainty care
As this frail exotic,
  Nestled in its fair
Covert, snug and fleecy,
  Through the Winter day
Basking in the sunshine
  Love maketh alway.

So the blue eyes opened
  Wonder-wide, to view
Scenes and faces changeful,
  Days and objects new,
Learned to light with pleasure,
  Learned with mute appeal
Cunningly folded secrets
  Hourly to reveal.
Time flew on unheeding
  How the marvels grew,
From the inner temple
  Glimmering softly though,
While like rare enchantment
  Shone the fleshy veil,
And the hints of promise
  Were perpetual.
What a group of graces

Link this recreant star
By divine connections
To the Home afar!

* * * * * *

Wondrous transformation!
Is this sprightly boy
Both my pride and comfort,
My torment and my joy.
The curious manikin
From the land unknown,
From a fairy's stature
These proportions grown?
Fourteen revolutions
Mark this natal day,
But I'm dreaming—dwelling
On that far-away
Sweet period, when life
In folded beauty lay
Before my little pilgrim—
Himself a mystery;
When the small figure clasped
Securely to my side,
Within that tropic circle
Was fully satisfied;

Before uncertain steps
Wandered to explore,
And conquered mysteries
Stirred love of conquest more;
Before the enemy
Possession coveted,

This soul a new arena
  Of issues great and dread.
I would lead the dear feet
  In wisdom's pleasant way,
I would win the young heart
  To love the right alway.
But lo! the royal road
  Leads upward to the hills,
Human weakness falters
  Nor half its hope fulfills;
Oh! in doubtful moments
  May a tender voice
Or fond compelling touch
  Influence his choice.

Sometimes my sturdy laddie
  Refuses to perceive
Love in its stern disguises
  That restrain or grieve,
Not always inward whisper
  Effectual to win
The impetuous spirit
  From itself and sin;
The unwilling service,
  The impatient word
Is spice of bitterness
  Through all my comfort stirred,
But the precious tokens
  Of tender thoughtful care
Sweeter than honey-drops
  Unto my hunger are.
Restless, wayward hero!
  Do you care to know

How my sure love follows
  Wheresoe'er you go?
In the busy daytime,
  In the silent night,
Strong as triple cable,
  Limitless as light.

Crowning you with blessing,
  Heavy when you fail,
Alert—conscious—hopeful
  If the right prevail,
With no small ambition
  Ever satisfied,
Coveting the best gifts,
  Treasures that abide,
Sure that every pilgrim
  (Though the thought be pain,)
Must through foes and conflicts
  Victory attain.
Courage! youthful soldier,
  Humble, watchful, brave,
Don the shining armor
  Of One strong to save;
Love is ever cognizant
  Around—beside—above—
Who wins the worthy crown
  Is debtor unto love.

OPEN SESAME.

Archly beaming from this plate,
Read the mysteries of Fate
  In these dark depths lurking.

Here behold, securely chained,
Features thou hast often scanned,
  Fondly gaze, "mon ami."

Would'st the precious truth reveal?
This thy truest oracle
  Full of kind assurance.

A LIGHT FANCY.

Dear Mrs Fanny Brockway Fay,
How it enlivens a rainy day
  To sit in pleasant places
With busy fingers and quiet mind,
Nor hearing the rain, nor heeding the wind,
  Think of sunshiny faces.

They smile upon us delightfully
From their niche in the wall, or silently
  Flash such a peculiar light
Our chaos of thought becomes order,
We seem to have reached the border
  Of privileged second sight.

"Let there be light"—that wonderful day,
Sprung on Creation ages away,
  Ever since has been shining
Thro' starlight and moonlight and sunlight,
Through twilight and firelight and lovelight,
  Mellowing, warming, refining.

"Lesser lights" too in variety,
Lighters of doubtful propriety,
  Innocent "cigar lighters,"
Content to fashion a diamond frame

Rather than shine in a tip of flame
  Requiring "Underwriters."

My trio plaiting these trifles for you
Sought an appropriate line or two,
  I thought a gold thread to spin,
Becoming entangled, lo! it has run
All over creation, up to the sun,
  But please find one end within.

TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN SONG.

Sound aloud the silver trumpet!
  To the standard of the free,
Brothers, rouse! your forces rally,
  On! to bloodless victory!

Heed no vain, discordant music,
  Scorn unholy bribery,
Earnest words your truest weapons,
  Onward press to victory!

Underneath Truth's glorious banner
  Fearlessly your strength array;
Mighty energies resistless
  Lead you on to victory!

Representatives of labor,
  Sinews of society,
True in heart as high in purpose,
  Claim a speedy victory.

Westward lo! the "star of empire"
  Moves with swift returnless sway,
With unbroken front march onward,
  Resolute to victory!

With a wide and kind encircling
Of the loved ones all the way,
Clasping hands with wave-washed Maine,
Seek no sectional victory.

For your high and holy birthright,
Priceless blessing of the free,
For their pure administration
Labor hard for victory.

Overturning, Change and Progress
Mark the world's dark history;
Some true men the Lord hath chosen
Arbiters of destiny.

Sound aloud the silver trumpet!
Rear the noble standard high!
Equipped fully, press to conquest,
Sobriety and victory!

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Two boys were sauntering along
Discussing the news and weather,
With an air of assumed "sang froid"
Boys practice when together—
The street ran black with fertile loam
Stirred up by yesterday's shower,
With no promise of springing grass
Or hint of delicate flower.

The passers-by shuffled along,
Or trode with daintiest care,
(For Cambridge has slippery places
The public must be aware)

Dimly gleaming through April haze
  A shimmer of gold and blue
Fell, as you've seen a sunbeam fall
  Through the shadows and boys too.

Says James to John, "I often think
  Between the pauses of play,
What I shall be, and what shall do
  Say fifteen years from to-day;
Yesterday in a book I read,
  Some wise one presumed to say
A boy at twelve has a character
  That will last him all the way."

Just then with brisk business tread,
  An erect and manly form
Strode by, with swift and cheery glance
  And, "Good morning boys, good morn,"
The eyes were eager that followed
  That figure upright and true,
And John replied, "I'd like to be
  A man like *that* wouldn't you?

They pausing sought a cleanly spot,
  And out of their pockets took
Their idle hands, and thoughtfully
  The mud from their stout boots shook
With the emphasis of new resolve,
  That brightened each boyish face,
And swelled, a golden living germ
  In a moist and sheltered place.

A hum of fresh young voices near—
  A vision of fair girl-faces,

Three pairs of eyes peered modestly
  Like violets from shady places,
It truly seemed each quick sense caught,
  And noted with kindly heed
The sober purpose of John and James—
  But they only said, "Good speed."

A PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

Scudding in troops by my window,
  Ragged, barefoot and gay,
Little bronzed figures careering
  Every hour and way,
Challenge my fancy to running
  After, in merry chase,
To find if these sturdy people
  Have really any place
In the great world-work, which presses
  Heavily on the strong,
And tempts them e'en to forgetting
  How the years move along.

Some have sprung from their door yards,
  Like a dandelion
From a velvet emerald plat,
  Pleasant to set eye on,
Upright, domestic, pronounced,
  Wholesome, happy and neat,
With unmistakable symptoms
  Of something fresh and sweet
In their careful household training;
  They look up as you meet

With fearless and sunny salute—
  Yield a part of the street.

Others, with much that's untidy,
  Dirt and careless attire,
Mingle some shining qualities,
  Kindle with manly fire;
Quick to discover injustice,
  Impetuous to defend
The cause of the weak and helpless,
  The honor of a friend;
Full of fun-loving and daring,
  Whistling, boisterous boys,
Defying all proprieties,
  Thrilling the air with noise.

I've looked in scores of faces,
  Eyes black and brown and blue,
Of boys who met my scrutiny,
  Wakened interest, too.
I confess a singular weakness
  When I hear a shout ahoy,
I fall to computing the worth
  Of the average boy;
A swift electric current
  Connects my heart to his,
Through his humor and his pathos
  Range my quick sympathies.

Here and there rises a hero,
  Frank, attractive and free,
Who leads in the rollicking games,
  And couples visibly

A stirring magnetic presence
  With nature's nobleness,
Winning each best youthful temper's
  Hearty response to his;
The playground is the arena
  Of fair and lawful strife,
Where the soul of the man's honor
  O'er shadows boyhood's life.

Alas! there's another picture—
  Grieved am I to say,
That rosy-hued lips can open
  For profane words a way;
I'd rather have soil on garments,
  On hands, or blooming face,
Than that such inner defilement
  Should mar the spirit's grace.
Dear boys! have you thought what being
  Your person occupies,
Lookout those wonderful windows,
  Those speaking, tell-tale eyes?

Have you thought what a chance is yours
  To be soldiers, every one
As brave, as loyal and steadfast
  As the sun shines upon?
A daily battle before you—
  Foes worthy of your steel—
A conquest of self—the rebel—
  Control of tongue and will;
Shall King Alcohol humble you,
  Shall Tobacco ensnare,

Or vile and ruinous passions
  Distort your features fair?

The world worships nobility,
  Each boy by right is prince,
But the heritage of liberty
  Has deep significance;
No youthful monarch prepared
  By careful discipline
To govern a thriving province,
  And rule his fellow men,
Has need of more thorough training,
  Safeguards of home and school,
Than America's free-born sons
  Taught *themselves* to rule.

I do not quite understand them;
  Many curious kinks
Sorely puzzle wisest parents,
  More than the solemn Sphinx.
Their innocent, frolicsome moods
  Make me heartily glad,
I honor their brave intentions,
  Pity their failures sad;
Because their possibilities
  Reach beyond human ken,
I cherish a tender regard
  For these embryo men.

Fathers and Mothers at evening
  Sitting quiet at home,
Or sharing social pleasures,
  Have the truant boys come?

Or do they around the corner
  With rude, out breaking glee,
In the fading twilight gather
  To tempt an enemy?
Where are the youth of the household,
  The country's stalwart hope?
Over the way in a bar-room,
  Tasting the dangerous cup?

Or mingling in doubtful pursuits,
  That tarnish the fresh glow
Which like a shining aureole
  Crowns each innocent brow?
Oh! widen the bright home-circle,
  Summon the wanderers in,
Let pastime, converse and music
  Vie your loved ones to win.
Treasures you painfully garner
  By toil of hand or brain
Perish, but virtuous children
  Amass immortal gain.

PARODY.

"RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS."

Friends!
I come not here to *talk*. You know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are *slaves!*
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of *slaves!* He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a *slave:* not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;

But base, ignoble slaves! slaves to a clique
Of petty tyrants, usurpers, cheats,
Rich in superfluous distilleries,
In millions of base lucre, coined
From blighted human lives, and broken hearts;
Strong in their brethren's weakness; only great
In potent, giant evil.
Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man my neighbor—there he stands,
Was struck, *struck* like a dog, by one inflamed
With liquid madness, because, forsooth,
He dared to stand erect in conscious
Manhood, nor yield the path to staggering
Footsteps,—nor yield his right to mighty
Protest at the ballot-box.
Be we *men*,
And suffer such dishonor? *Men*, and rise not
To wipe the stain away? Such shames are common!
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved deciple!
How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,

A summer bloom on his fair cheek,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was poisoned. I saw
The unsteady step,—the blood-shot eye,—
The feverish mania burning
In his veins,—I saw the pitiful struggle—
The shameful weakness—the sinful yielding
Of innocence and virtue;—I saw
Him humbled, disgraced, defiled,
And then I cried for vengeance! *Rouse ye, Americans!* ROUSE YE, SLAVES!

Have ye brave
Sons? look to behold the wily tempter
Haunt their daily paths, lurking in innocent
Guise, or bold in deadly purpose. Look!
To see them shorn of conscious strength—unmanned—
Dishonored—LOST, *body and soul!*
From some fierce street brawl plunging to headlong ruin,
Or sliding the drunkard's sure declivity
To endless death. Have ye fair daughters?
Look to see them bound to loathsome creatures,
Dragging out their sweet young lives, in hopeless
Torture; weeping till tears are spent—pleading
Till breath doth fail—and if ye dare to call
For justice be answered by a taunt.
Yet this is fair America—our boasted
Land, who from her eminence of Liberty

Invites the world to counsel.—The youngest
Of the nations, whose broad acres connect
Two oceans;—whose citizens are kindred
Of all people, whose laws claim as foundation
Eternal truth and equal right.
Why!
Upon land and sea her flag is sacred,
And the oppressed of every clime
Throng to its wide protection.—*Are we*
Americans! the very name is
Synonym of *freeman.*
Hear ye walls!
That echoed to the tread of noble
Martyrs, once again,—I pledge perpetual
Enmity to old King Alcohol!
And swear the brave Republic shall be free!

CONGRATULATORY.

Smile on, October skies!
Your brilliant changeful dyes
  Fling wide and bright,
And tints of gold softly enfold
  Our horizon to-night.

Beam down, O silent stars!
With broad and mellow bars
  The shade light up,
For wistful eyes seek prophecies
  In yonder horoscope.

Draw near, ye trusted friends!
Love sweet enchantment lends
  To bridal hours,

And hearts are stirred while tender words
  Blossom 'mid orange flowers.

One treasure rich and rare
On this new plighted pair,
  Dear Lord! let fall,
The pearls of truth's immortal youth,
  A shining coronal.

No wealth or costly gift
Shall so these souls uplift
  As heavenly dower.
Do so reveal thy perfect will,
  Thy mystery of power.

That these expectant eyes
Behold aurora rise
  To cloudless day,
Each hallowed place by crowning grace
  An Eden of the way.

For infinite above
Our priceless human love,
  A Sovereign holds
His high reserve to shape and swerve
  Our wayward human souls.

Sweet hearts! bow reverently
Before the ministering
  Evangel love,
With warmth and glow foreshadowing now
  The Paradise above.

A SOUVENIR.

Somewhere I dimly remember
  A legend quaint and old,
Of a Prince who gave to his bride
  A wonderful egg of gold.

At the touch of a hidden spring
  The ellipse open flew,
Disclosing a jeweled casket
  To her delighted view.

Another spring, and like magic
  The tiny world unfurls,
Till its innermost heart reveals
  A diadem of pearls.

A beautiful crystal truth
  This fanciful story veils,
Whose key to life's curious riddle
  Applied, no prophecy fails.

Our Prince is representative—
  A type of noble line—
The marvellous mystical egg
  His sacred marriage sign.

Can she find the delicate spring
  Unclosing the oval first?
Can she patiently bide the time
  Till the dainty casket burst?

Will she tender generous exchange
  Guerdon of silver speech?
Will she out of golden silence
  Far beyond language reach?

Through Home's radiant ecliptic
  Ever gracefully move,
Exalting to its high plane
  Humblest service of love?

If so, she shall modestly wear
  Her pearls—a very Queen
Over choicest inheritance
  Mankind has ever seen.

For, richer than gold or jewels,
  Above rank or renown,
The pearls of refined affection,
  Gather, a lustrous crown.

And she who would wear must win them,
  And he who gives must own,
They conquer the world together—
  Neither sovereign alone.

AN EPISODE.

Brightly through jewels of frost
  The Christmas sunshine fell,
Touching darkness and shadow,
  A shining miracle;
Up and down through the dwellings
  Voices happy and sweet,
Clear as chime of silver bells,
  Answered hurrying feet.

I heard a pleasant murmur
  In the distance away,
And nearer articulate
  Words of the olden lay,

"Merrie Christmas," "Merrie Christmas,"
  Like the magical light,
Cheering shady corners
  With warm tints and bright.

In our little domicile
  Plump by the chimney hung
A tiny pair of stockings,
  Over the way there swung
A larger pair, whose owners
  With air of mystery
Rifled of rustling treasures,
  Summoning all to see.

Down stairs tripped two maidens,
  Gleefully wondering how
Santa Claus came to be straying
  The upper regions through.
I had watched with interest
  Folded packages ope,
Scanning the play of features,
  Eager with radiant hope.

Some of the older people
  A choice little surprise
Had sprung, to spice the breakfast
  And kindle sober eyes,
By and by I grew quiet
  With earnest thoughts of the day,
Its tender significance,
  The serio-comic way

We meet it, our hearts trembling
  Just on the edge of tears,

While smilingly we balance
  Burdens of hopes and fears.
A strange step left the threshold,
  Some one suddenly came
Handing a gilded volume
  To me, in a friend's name.

When I should have arisen
  To make grateful reply,
No words answered my bidding,
  But ranging silently
Rose picture upon picture—
  Some from a treasured Book,
Others from unseen pages
  Concealed from careless look.

Then, suddenly, the pathos
  Of Christmas melted me,
I saw each blessed picture
  In new sweet harmony,
In the background dimly grouped
  Myriad human forms,
A central lowly Figure
  Clasped by embracing arms,

Whose wonderful halo crowned,
  Whose tender glory lit
Many familiar faces
  Illuminated yet;
A Presence hovering softly,
  As of old the heavenly dove,
Filled the eloquent silence
  With one sweet key-word—Love.

THE LEGEND OF THE LEAVES.

Should you ask this tiny basket
  Of its history and purpose,
Lest such large demand o'ertask it,
  Let me weave the simple story—
Relic of its fallen glory.

Once erect in form its fibres
  Grew within a stately wood;
Man, the mighty conqueror,
  'Neath its waving shadow stood,
Measured all its breadth and grandeur,
  Grasped its lofty giant arms,
Sentenced unto humble service
  Its diverse and pristine charms.
Thence the keen-edged axe began
  To lay low the forest pride,
And the cunning artisan
  Did its very heart divide;
Blade of steel and tooth of iron
  Cleft and shaped the quivering grain,
Some to dignity and honor,
  Some to baser use and stain.
Pilgrim to this northern border,
  Seeking friends and rest and home,
Shattered fragment of a great past,
  Living link to years to come,
Lo! the spirit of the maples
  Flung o'er me this leafy guise,
Foreign birth and native clothing
  Recommend me in your eyes.

Sometime in the hush of twilight
List the musical refrain
Of my far-off happy kindred
Throbbing through my every vein.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

The beautiful snow wreaths lie
Fresh on the broken sod,
Where from our sad home yesterday
Our sorrowful footsteps trod,
As if in the still night unseen
An angel softly bent,
And spread this spotless coverlet
From the weeping firmament
O'er our darling's bed.

Oft over his rosy slumber
I have folded the drapery
Of his little couch, and murmured
My sweetest lullaby;
A hand more potent and tender,
A voice more soothing and deep
Hath won from his mother's bosom
And lulled to a dreamless sleep
The wondering child.

Spring is at hand—with wintry skies
Will vanish the snowy wreath,
In nourishing drops enriching
The dark mold underneath;
Grass will rise and blossoming turf
Sweeten the summer air—

Beauty for ashes—life from death
  Proclaiming everywhere
    Unsearchable power.

Wondrous yearly miracle!
  Comforting this belief,
That He who fashions the flowers
  And notes each falling leaf,
By fondest human affections
  Typifies, here below,
The love of an infinite Parent.
  Yearning His children to show
    Fully to trust Him.

Take this comfort, sorrowing friends,
  For they are blessed indeed,
Whose earliest steps and accents
  Follow the angels' lead.
Your earthly home is in shadow,
  But a new light pure and fair
Gleams from the heavenly window,
  And one of the cherubs there
    Is doubly your own.

"But not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn."

Twilight is soft and mellow,
  Moonlight is beautiful,
Sunlight is strength and glory,
  But lovelight crowneth all.

Twilight subdues dear features,
  Moonlight a halo supplies,

The glad, rejoicing sunlight
  Illumines and glorifies.

Lovelight with swifter magic
  Touches the plainest lines,
And face and form transfigured
  A marvellous picture shines.

Lovelight glows in the darkness,
  Kindling the fairer sky
Of a wider universe,
  But O! so silently.

Circles the patient forehead—
  Caresses the drooping eye—
Envelops the weary spirit
  So sweetly and tenderly

That utmost pain and weakness
  In such presence we forget,
And life's canvas is relieved
  Of its darkest silhouette.

Many who sit in twilight,
  Moonlight and sunlight, pine
For blessed dawn of lovelight
  With radiance divine.

All the "lesser lights," Jessie,
  Fade and vanish away,
Only lovelight is immortal
  For love makes perfect day.

BABY'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF A CHRISTMAS OUTFIT.

Many thanks for your timely additions
  To my slender wardrobe to-day,
I donned a new shirt in a hurry
  And laid my old linen away.

Arrayed in this dainty white coat
  Color-tipped, its comfort I'll prove
Esteeming it like Joseph's, the badge
  Of Somebody's generous love.

Wrapped up in the wrapper I'll play
  'Tis a gentleman's dressing gown
And try to be graceful and gallant
  As any young man in town.

With small feet encased soft and warm
  I resign myself to a rocking—
Do you think there is any danger
  That I shall be a blue-stocking?

Now under this quaint coverlet
  Methinks I shall sleep very sweet,
My dreams catch bright hues from the pieces
  Stitched into the fabric so neat.

And the dear little garments prepared
  For your own wee darling to wear,
Who's been walking in white these twelve
    years—
  We'll handle with delicate care.

Here's my hand—may you always be happy!
  Each Christmas increasing your store

Of treasures, enduring and precious,
Until you shall need nothing more.
Gratefully, Baby blue-eyes.

CHASTENED.

Even as a child, whose faithful parent takes
With a reluctant hand, the needed rod,
Suffering in every stroke, till haply breaks
The stout rebellion, all drowned in tears,
Lifts its meek lip subdued, to meet the kiss
Of forgiveness, and hastes by new obedience
To light love's grieved face dim through its waywardness;
So I, having felt the smart of a just
Father's rod with sad severity
Drowned in repentant tears falter, "What wilt thou,"
Faintly discerning the shining countenance
Of unchanging love.

"WE LIVE IN DEEDS NOT YEARS."

At the hour of Sabbath service,
Where reverent voices blended,
From an inner sanctuary
A winged soul ascended.
The clouds bent low and drearily,
Obscured the Heaven of blue,
Our tears and nature's so mingled,
No sunshine could break through.
But the conscious shining Presence—
Her chosen royal Friend—

Attended the supreme moment
  When human offices end.
While we went down to the border
  Of the unknown valley, we knew
That Death's mighty Conqueror
  Crowned her conqueror too.

She had written a blessed record
  In duties cheerfully done,
In brave and patient endurance
  Of crosses of her own,
In kind and helpful ministry
  To others' humble need—
She left the beautiful history
  Open for us to read.

Nothing to do, but committing
  Herself to arms of love,
Quitting possessions below,
  Entering treasures above;
Who knows but there came to meet her,
  Among the glorified,
Her own precious cherub trio—
  We know she is satisfied.

ETCHINGS ON WOOD.

Written on the occasion of a wooden wedding.

Friends, did you ever examine
  The wondrous structure of wood,
Or gravely seek to determine
  It secrets of growth and good,
Locate its cells and its fibres,
  Or number from pith to bark

The perfect concentric circles,
  Of years, the measure and mark?

While rocked in the maple's arms,
  Or clasped to the oaken heart,
Did no hint of common being
  Through their living tissues start?
How long the sapling was growing—
  How slowly matured the plan
Of root, shaft, branches, leaves, fruitage—
  Behold in a figure—*man*.

To him bowed strength and beauty,
  The artisan's cunning skill
Invoked shapes of rest and shelter
  From the wood's treasures at will,
Bade broad trunk spread an enclosure,
  Supple boughs furnish a thatch,
Straightway the saw and the hammer
  Divided, fitted and matched.

From evergreen northern forests
  The odorous timbers come,
Uniting with native monarchs
  To rear the Temple of Home;
The chairs, the couch and the table,
  Utensils dainty and rude,
Incomplete at choicest and best,
  Without the woman was *wooed*.

And so this Eden was founded
  In strength, uprightness and youth,
With graceful supporting pillars
  Of confidence, love and truth;

Five solid consecutive rings
  Of growth the years have bestowed,
Inlaying with marvelous skill
  In two fairy patterns *rosewood.*

Beyond slight surface abrasion
  No deep disfiguring scar
Suggests sorrowful memories,
  This blessed occasion to mar;
Sweet by contrast becomes sweeter,
  And strength is matched to need,
E'en trial hath precious uses
  Well worthy of loving heed.

Gather then all choice devices
  Of color, and form, and grace,
Be dark and light finely blended,
  Give use and ornament place,
Frame pictures and fit the mantel,
  Hang bracket, and roll, and scroll,
And write on the lintel "Welcome"—
  Your health in a *wooden bowl.*

With life's delicious elixir
  Fill high each varied cup,
We pledge in flow of living sap
  From root to foliage up;
Yonder mahogany form
  Embodies music's soul,
Here from the library's niches
  Genius and wisdom unfold.

From this bower of enchantment
  Interpret the murmurous sound

Which floats on the passing zephyr,
"We grew and therefore are crowned;"
Few may aspire to be giants,
Not one can compass the sky,
All can strike deep and reach upward
And live out a purpose high.

The elm caresses the maple,
The nut-trees stand close and still,
The pines mingle whispering needles
With each other on the hill,
While from the golden Occident
Gigantic old heroes spoke
A salute to Orient cedars,
Which echoes of centuries woke.

Then through the grand convocation,
Leading spirits of the wood
Chose Lignum Vitae their emblem,
And all pronounced it good.

A BROKEN CHORD.

The tuneful voice is hushed,
Which from my early childhood I have heard
Leading the hymn of praise. The quick, sensitive
Ear, trained to nice harmony, nevermore
Jars at earth's discordant sounds. The urgent
Summons given with startling distinctness,
"Come up higher"—he ascended to his place
In the redeemed choir. Oh! how sweetly
Breaks the divine melody upon his

Attent ear. With what delight his practised
Voice mounts the new heavenly scale.
To-day,
Young voices raise the tender songs he taught,
My eyes o'erflow—"Upon the hills of Heaven"
They softly sing—the simple words thrill like
A Prophecy. No tears for him; ransomed
And free he walks in white who one brief week
Ago wrought, as we, 'mid manifold
Temptations. Will our work shine as gold
When the fire trieth? Human and frail we take
Up daily the burden of life and follow
Afar the Master's blessed steps.

MY PRINCESS.

She cometh as the dawn—From Orient skies
Beams the warm splendor of her earnest eyes,
With lambent touch she swiftly scatters night,
And makes the scene shine, luminous as light,
Serene, unconscious, 'mid the shadows glides,
While every shape of darkness quickly hides.
Bright faces turn to catch the generous glow,
From sad eyes kindling Auroras flow.
Humble as any daisy of the sod,
Whose disc reflects the glory of its God,
She chooses rugged walks, and lowly ways,
Blushing at blessing, renders Him the praise.
Her speech runs silven o'er its crystal bed,
In depths of golden silence oft to spread.
Her step is firm, as one who knows not fear.

Her face is glad, as one who wears no care.
Her manner, winsome as a playful child,
Her wisdom rare, her purpose undefiled,
Her ministry, manifest in deeds of love,
Ambitious, chief of servants still to prove;
Nor doth she slight the homely household cheer,
Velvet and purple, she doth daily wear
With modest courtliness. Her garments smell
Of fragrant myrrh. Her quiet movements tell
Of swift aerial flights, and skill
In Love's divinest magic. Her looks thrill
Magnetic sympathies, electrical.
She soothes the weary watch, the feverish strain,
And drops the balm of comfort upon pain.
She guides the shrinking spirit beyond Earth
To the Eternal strength, the heavenly birth.—
My Princess, is of ancient royal line—
The daughter of the King by every sign.

CONCERNING ONE ASLEEP.

Not hers the light sleep
Of the morn, troubled by early sounds
And waking memories, nor yet the mid-day
Lethargy compelled by weariness;
Hers the calm slumbrous rest when day is done.
Busily she set her house in order,
Lit up the shaded corners, hung her fairest

Pictures on the sombre walls, spread the floors
With softest velvet of humble ministries,
With sweet content filled all the hours and
slept.
Here is a life rounded unto completeness.
Four score years of brisk activity,
No painful helplessness, no folded hands,
No weary waiting for the glad release;
A life of prayer, a life of faith, a life
Of hope—complete in Jesus.
"Them also which sleep in Jesus
Will God bring with Him." Take comfort
here.

HEARTSEASE.

Two velvet pansies
And two wee tansies—
Each scented tricolor laid
On palm of green fringes,
Caught between the hinges
Of flower border and garden bed.

Two eager feet sought,
Two busy hands brought
Such simple trophies to me;
The fair sensitive face,
With fine thought upraised,
I looked through my tears to see.

Wearily sitting,
'Mid sunbeams flitting
Through golden October air,

I mused of sore losses
And shrunk from life's crosses,
Nor found any comforter.

In and out tripping,
Like a bee sipping
Honey from common clover,
Full of innocent joy,
Glad with pleasant employ,
My sunny-haired, clear-eyed lover

Made errand to find
Some solace, to bind
Over the hidden aching,
Confessing *sub rosa*,
This brave, modest posy
Held mysteries of love-making.

A quick, conscious flush
Suffused, like a blush
From my heart, my changing cheek;
The skies glowing brighter,
My heaviness lighter,
The secret I venture to speak.

"Ye varied flowers
Of midsummer hours,
O'er whom connoisseurs hover,
Your rare beauty loving,
Your odors approving,
Philosophy fails to discover

What exquisite grace
I find in the face
Of this flower of lowly mein,

That with studious care,
Proud and happy, I wear
My tricolored velvet and green."

The herb and the flower,
In their little hour,
Conspired this truth to prove,
That for manifold ills
Healing balsam distills
Into one panacea, love,

By a process slow,
In which small drops flow
Through life's alembic pure,
Ethereal essence,
Whose spirituous presence
Diffuses a radical cure.

SONG OF THE LILIES.

Among their clustering leaves concealed from sight,
The lilies of the valley seek the light,
Beauty and fragrance modestly possess
Adorning other grace with lowliness;
Their tiny bells are mute to common ear—
Instinct with melody to those who hear,
For lightly swaying in the sweet May air
A psalm of life they reverently declare—
"Whoso is humble shall exalted be."
The crown of graces is humility.

TO-MORROW.

Has any one seen To-morrow?
I hear that she passes this way,
  A vision of radiant beauty,
A veiled and gracious queen
  Whom the world has never seen,
She will surely eclipse To-day.

Has any one seen To-morrow?
Ever since the early dawning
  I've followed afar her retinue;
So swift hath her passage been
  I cannot o'ertake her train,
I fear I shall miss the crowning.

Has any one seen To-morrow?
Inhabits she earth or air?
  Her coming is welcome as summer,
Her fingers clasp opening flowers,
  Her gifts are choice golden hours.
Oh! where is To-morrow O! where?

To-day proves stern and exacting,
To-day waxes fickle and vain,
  Her promises are all uncertain,
She makes me sorry and sad
  Instead of happy and glad,
I never can trust her again.

They bade me wait till To-morrow,
Considerate, generous, mild,
  To recompense numerous losses,
To transform every sorrow—
  I've been chasing To-morrow
With courage, since I was a child.

Was yesterday frowning, cloudy?
Hope undismayed would borrow
  A glimpse of superlative brightness;
Whate'er wrong needed righting,
  Whene'er dark needed lighting,
I cheerfully said To-morrow.

But I am weary with searching
This crooked bewildering way,
  Oh! cruel invisible princess
Where tarry you, wasting all
  My moments beyond recall?
I cannot out-travel To-day.

If I sleep in faith that To-morrow
Will awake me with greetings gay,
  'Tis only a dream—a delusion,
A phantom—eluding pursuit,
  An oracle—mocking, mute;
To-morrow's another To-day.

Oh! much abused precious To-day!
Is it true the secret you hold
  Of To-morrow's richest possessions?
Do her dear coveted things
  Arise from your fostering wings,
Like new life from out Earth's dark mold?

Then cease useless quest for To-morrow,
Continue steadfast in the way,
  A halo encircles time present,
The eager grasp firmly close
  On real substance; Repose
Introduces To-morrow to-day.

"Are there not persons before whom our habitual reserve vanishes, who unloose our tongues and we speak, who anoint our eyes and we see, who inspire us so that we seem to ourselves like other beings in a new world of thought and feeling. "Steep us," we say "in these influences for days and weeks and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many colored words the romance that you are."

In eastern city, once, there dwelt a man
Of modest parts and lowly modeled ways,
With cunning hand his daily task he wrought,
And peaceful evenings recompensed his days;
Over a harp of curious workmanship
He sometimes bent, and with abstracted air
Drew strange sweet sounds, then paused and pondered
Whether the spirit of the harp were there.

One journeyed from afar—a pilgrim slept
A night upon his hospitable couch,
Her heart was weary, but the idle harp
Responded quickly to her lightest touch;
"There's something in the shape of harps" she said,
As with bold stroke she swept the tuneful strings,
Invoked the invisible spirit, Hark!
What burst of melody the movement brings.

Upon his table lay a useless stone—
A fragment from the lonely ocean beach,
"What have we here?" she said, with eager hand
Gathering the welcome relic within reach;
A shining hammer from her belt she drew,
And smote the stone a swift and vigorous blow,

The obdurate oval yielded, open flew—
Ensphered a form of crystal pure as snow.

An arbor in the garden needed shade,
A vine he planted, but some careless foot
Had trodden on it; walking there she spied
Its delicate tendrils climbing from the root,
Its rare cleft leaf upturned, distinct, and fine,
Joyful exclaimed "this is a passion-vine,
For generous culture it will well repay,
In royal purple clothe itself one day."
The dweller and the pilgrim turned to meet
A soulful look from one another's eyes—
Swift revelations charged the moments fleet,
Flew vitalized through conscious sympathies;
"Whence came you, whither going?" thrilled his voice,
She answered, "I return to Paradise,"
"Abide with me and share my best estate,"
"Crown Love," she whispered, "only love is great."

ALBUM NOTES.

A friend is one whose subtle claim
Consists in something more than name;
Some fine congenial quality,—
Or some rare opposite may be
The ligament, whose slight connection
Draws the cable of affection;
Truth, purity, and sterling sense
Twist three-fold cord of confidence,
(Without which I freely advance
Opinion, that no genuine chance
Exists for Friendship.) There is room
For all the graces here to bloom,
For choice refined courtesies—
All delicate affinities—
And Friendship's soul may be enshrined
In Beauty's self—a brilliant mind,
Or Luminous through plainer guise
The living spirit glorifies.
My fair ideal you divine—
Am I your friend? Will you be mine?

Here in this north countrie
Has grown a shapely tree,
Where summer birds and zephyrs
Discourse sweet melody,

But when shadows lengthen
  There comes a hint of frost,
Birds speed swiftly away,
  Winds veer ard roughly toss.
Her crown of radiant leaves
  The tree casts mournfully,
And braces her heart to bear
  Desertion patiently.

Let Friendship be the tree,
  Rooted secure and fast,
With never a thought of flight
  Nor fear of fickle blast;
What though the leafy crown
  Be laid aside like a dress!
Because in homely guise
  Love we our friends the less?
Never forsaken and shorn
  While vigorous life abides,
In warm weather-proof chambers
  Bright budding promise bides.

"Pleasant words are as the honey-comb."
  Gather honey, Lizzie,
  The sweets of the diligent bee
  Are culled by the hour
  From many a flower
  Ere garnered for you and me.

  Gather honey, Lizzie,
  A varied and bountiful store,
  For poor is the field
  That never will yield
  Enough for yourself and more.

Here on these pages pure, full many hands
Tokens of kindly memory shall trace,
Here shall be woven mystic friendship bands,
Whose circles wide meet in this hallowed place.
Many the wishes love shall here indite,
Many the prayers to tuneful measure set,
'Mid scenes of varying shade and changeful light
Whose bright unfolding thou wilt ne'er forget.

To the dear altar of domestic bliss
Where peace and love and harmony preside,
To the sweet boon of life-long happiness
With a firm trust in Heaven whate'er betide,
To all the joys earth's happiest children share
Blooming immortal on thy heart's pure shrine,
Cherished by virtues, love and tender care,
I fain would dedicate this book of thine.

Not only one but all these precious things,
Seldom to mortals given, I ask for thee;
'Tis no vain wish—its kindly import brings
A gush of tender feeling to my eye,
When future years their shadows o'er thee cast,
Whate'er thy lot, whate'er thy future be,
Amid life's changes shall these pages last,
Friendship's sweet offering, boon of memory.

These tinted leaves are my garden,
Where shady or sunny weather,
Mignonette, pansies and roses
Happily blossom together.
Scatter then some favorite seed,
Each friend, and the beautiful thing
Will take its own form and color,
In memory's perennial spring.

My niche pass not by
With an averted eye.

Friend of the leafy summer—
Friend of the winter chill—
No transient new comer
Your chosen place can fill;
Fly not with birds of passage,
No changeful season prove,
Full-orbed, serene, abiding,
Illume the sphere of Love.

When fully armed and equipped
At Home's threshold you stand,
Consider carefully whether
Your handkerchief's at hand;
It increases the self-respect,
Improves the general tone,
To hold in quiet possession
A handkerchief of your own.

Remember the sweets of our intercourse. Was anything insipid, sour or bitter, time is the great rectifier.

Youth's dew is on thy brow, Lottie,
  Youth's fire is in thine eye,
And Hope within thy heart, Lottie,
  Is throbbing quick and high;
The rose upon thy cheek, Lottie,
  Is not more fair and bright
Than the future to thy trusting soul
  Circled with golden light.

The dream is very sweet, Lottie,
  Its waking oft times blest,
And paths which lie in shadow
  Lead often unto rest;
The thorns ne'er deeply wound, Lottie,
  Though they spring forever nigh,
If we be securely clad, Lottie,
  In Faith's holy panoply.

Bright hours will come to thee, Lottie,
  And dark may mingled be,
But all alike if blest, Lottie,
  Will thy spirit purify.
'Tis an earnest wish of mine, Lottie,
  Thine a meek and quiet heart,
Life a calm and peaceful journey,
  And thy choice "the better part."

Beautiful, spotless page, thy pure expanse
  No hand hath marred, no wish unmeant or vain
Hath left an impress for the nicest glance;
  Thus may each leaf forever more remain,
Not yet unwritten, but in beauty trac'd

Friendship and love their sacred offerings yield,
Bright with a glory time can ne'er efface,
Of sweet forget-me-nots a blooming field.

Be thy fair volume ever dedicate
To truth and memory in flowing verse,
'Mid future scenes whose shadows o'er thee cast,
Thy wealth of treasured lore, sometimes rehearse,
That she who glances o'er these cherished names
In the heart's tablet writ, may hasten to commune
With the loved past, and thee, and thou shalt be
Unto her heart a sweet remembered tune.

The pearls of contentment are ornaments fitting and beautiful on the brow of those who claim this legacy, "My peace I leave with you."

Wishes born of breath
Are as transient and fleet;
How shall be made immortal
All that in life is sweet?
Shall the beautiful visions
We joyfully entertain,
Die with this brief existence,
Never to live again?

Ours a glorious era,
Glorious 'tis to be,

And the stamp of noble deeds
  Shall impress futurity;
All that is grand in action,
  All that's sublime in thought
Is in our deathless being
  Mysteriously wrought.

Dear one, herein is life
  Worthy our noblest aims,
Say on the shining list
  We enter our humble names,
In this imperfect sphere
  Seeking no lasting home,
Working out here the problem
  Of blessed life to come.

Call Friendship's roll
For memory's sake,
Adown its aisles
The echoes wake,
That faces dear
And voices clear
In coming time
May answer, "Here."

"And a white stone with a new name be thy passport when Time shall end."
Many wishes will be woven
  On these pages pure and fair,
Summer-tried and Winter-proven
  Names and memories they will wear;
Some enshrined with love most sacred,
  Some which claim a passing thought,

'Mid them all though e'er so kindly
  Mine shall never be forgot,
For I come with one so holy,
  That its beautiful bequest
Shall enrich the heart that owneth,
  Make with its possession blest,
Words are but its weaker symbols,
  But a wealth of meaning lies
In its brief and simple sentence,
  Glory-bright to spirit eyes.
Change is written on the fairest
  Of our blessings here below,
Oft the sweetest and the dearest
  While we gaze upon them, go;
But this wish of mine would lead thee
  To a world of lasting bliss,
And with such a blessed halo
  Gild thy pathway on through this.
Love, thy life lamp, may desert thee,
  Fading into darksome night,
But this wish of mine would lead thee
  Unto Heaven's unfailing light.
Cheer thee, then, through waste or rose-path,
  Nobly thou perform thy part,
And the new name shall be written
  Radiantly on thy heart.

Circles are endless. Methinks Friendship hath like form, single or collective, less or greater, wheels within wheels, wheels beside wheels, revolving smoothly, continually, eternally.

Blind-fold me and bring me roses—
Can I tell the color by touch of the petals?
Nay, but the white yields most delicate fragrance,
Carrie, be a white rose.

Illuminate this autograph from memory.

To be a sunbeam would not be
The height of human destiny,
To be a star shining afar
Would not be immortality;
But she who scatters wide and bright
The glory of the solar light
From a redeemed illumined soul,
Shall wear a seraph's aureole.

Let music ope
Her mellow mysterics,
To quicken Hope,
Till life's dull practice shapes
To chastened measure,
Then shall your heart keep time
To melody sublime.

From a cloud of fleecy thought mist
Rises a vision to me,
I will try to sketch it plainly,
Dear Lucy, that you may see;
'Tis a young girl on the threshold
Of life's sober labor-day,
With one smiling glance cast backward,
One wistful, up and away.

Bright hopes in the distance beckon,
  New duties sternly await,
Pleasures, a treacherous legion,
  Encompass a wicket gate;
Above a strong One is bending
  With radiant love-lit eyes,
Offering sweetly to guide her
  In safety to Paradise.

Her face grows troubled and tender,
  Her eyes wear far-away look,
She balances pearl and bauble
  On a slender human hook,
But suddenly grave resolve
  Is the joyful conqueror,
And the waiting glorious King
  Has won a new messenger.

A sunny temper and a gentle heart
In all life's scenes bear a delightful part,
No gifts nor graces can their place supply,
All character they crown and beautify;
Accept my friend, this tribute to your praise,
Your quiet spirit maketh glad your days.

Let loving thoughts like fragrant flowers
Spring from each opening page
To brighten and bless the coming hours,
And memory's treasures engage;
For thoughts like seeds have magical wings
Out of which blossom wonderful things.

In a fair cottage nestled by the sea
A maiden I met and she pleaseth me;
They love her who playfully call "Jenny Wren,"
Her silver gray plumage suits cognomen,
But merry and winsome, I beg you to mark
I dub her more truly my song-ful lark.

Little girls among the flowers
Gaily live and blossom,
All unmindful of the hopes
Hidden in each bosom;
Rivaling the honey cups
In beauty and sweetness,
Needing plenteous sunshine
To produce completeness.

Some hearts-ease meek and lowly,
Others snowy lilies rear,
Some roses crimson-hearted,
Daises the waysides cheer,
All designed to grace and brighten
Home, and life's severe ascent;
Little woman, here's your cipher,
Time shall unfold what is meant.

As vines in gardens, through a genial season
Reach living tendrils out to clasp each neighbor,
So human love in happiest conditions
Forms clinging rings crowning vigorous labor,
So climbing by the upright, graceful run
To hang their generous clusters in the sun.

We cannot measure everything by time,
A year's length is determined by events,
One golden noon hour may contain the prime
Of twenty-four or many, I say, hence .
Our friendship may be young, but it may hold
In embryo ripe fruit of love untold.

Who writes upon these spotless pages, writes
A friend's fair signature, the heart indites
Some tender thought or wish to cheer and bless,
By this same token stands my friend confessed.

The flowers of friendship are of various hue,
The fragrance of the flowers distinct is too,
I would forget-me-nots might have their place
And stately lilies rise in regal grace.

Wild roses on the waysides may abound—
Choice hybrids in the garden plats are found,
Vines seek the trellis, tufts adorn the sod,
Some creep, some climb, familiarly some nod.

Gather me then a happy favorite,
And all in emerald leaflets shall be set,
A bower of verdure, a bright pyramid,
Within which everlasting blooms are hid.

We met from brilliant Southern skies,
From Western thrift and enterprise,
In dear New England's classic homes
'Mid Art's and Nature's stately domes,

The Summer fervor waxed and glowed—
The metal yielded, flashed and flowed—
Fusion sublime! out of which rolled
Bands true as steel, and bright as gold.

TO MY DARLINGS ALL.

Herein is a marvellous thing—
No matter how homely the nest,
Out of rough straws or sticks fashioned,
Cushioned with down from her breast,
Bright plumage, sweet song or light wing—
Mother-bird loves all the best.

In this consecrated place
One small signature I trace,
First in Love's immortal line—
Human link to Love Divine,
Changeless, tender, lavish, free—
Crowning thee invisibly;
After mine, sweet Friendship bring
Every precious offering.

Hence this spotless page will wear
My impression, daughter dear—
Luminous with love the text,
Copious notes from life annexed;
By this token surely know
Only blessing I bestow,
Happy if my name should be
A perpetual legacy.

IN MEMORIAM.

[NELLIE L., DAUGHTER OF N. B. AND M. J. GOULD. DIED FEBRUARY 23, 1879, AGED 15 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS.]

PRELUDE.

Among the birds of Summer
  While Summer days were long,
Came one of radiant wing
  Singing my heart this song:

SONG OF INQUIRY.

Oh! unquiet spirit
  Wherefore repining?
Look up and consider
  Whence this clear shining,
These tremulous shadows,
  This soft brooding mist,
This world of enchantment,
  Cloud-shielded, sun-kissed.

Where wert thou that first morn
  When Chaos fleeing,
Order and Beauty sprung
  Into new being?
When like a starry gem
  Out of boundless space
This finished planet
  Rolled to its place?

Whose steady hand of power
  Uplifted and lit
This brilliant firmament?
  By whom were bounds set
To the upper waters
  And Ocean's gate shut?
Who wrapped stately forests
  In one little nut?

What is the utmost stretch
  Of thy finite mind?
How far off is yon sky?
  What color or kind
Is the wing of thy thought?
  Whose resonant breath
Through myriad murm'ring pipes
  Melody waketh?

Where was this vast green dyed
  Such exquisite shade?
Of what are these leaflets
  Of what roses made?
Whose wondrous skill fashioned
  Each delicate flower,
Of choice tint and odor
  Gave its own dower?

Where is the Summer's life
  When 'neath many fold
Of snowy coverlet
  Sleeps the silent mold?
These branches stripped and bare,
  Forms of beauty fled,

Can breath or spirit be
  In aught cold and dead?

Didst ever one small seed
  On Earth's bosom fling
And patiently await
  Timely unfolding?
Who packed garments of praise
  In this compass small,
Keeping distinct—perfect—
  Fit clothing for all?

What assurance hast thou
  That another day
Shall from the glowing East
  Scatter night away?
Canst thou serenely sleep
  Wrapped in mystery
Trusting doubtful issues
  One wiser than we?

* * * * *

A rustle in the tree top—
  Quivering in the air,
As of lifted wing—twilight
  And silence settled there.
My melodious singer
  Sought I vainly and long;
Among the birds of Summer
  Are none who carol his song.

A SCENE OF INFANCY.

I have found a nest, beloved,
  A beautiful swinging nest;

Stay, while I peep in a moment,
  At the bird in downy rest.
Art waiting? I cannot away
  For this nest reveals to me
My title to untold possessions,
  Through blessed maternity.

Was ever Mother so happy?
  Was ever a babe so fair?
From the tips of her dainty feet
  To her crown of golden hair?
Sleeping—silken-fringed curtains
  Droop o'er each oval cheek,
Waking—through depths of clear azure
  Bright glimpses of Heaven break.

The glow of golden October*
  Prefigures rosy and warm
Love's mellow Indian Summer
  As I clasp this cherub form;
Clothe her in delicate raiment,
  Lull her to sweet repose;—
She is as fair as a lily,
  She is as fresh as a rose.

My blossom! No bud of Flora
  Rivals your opening charms,
Yet why this tremulous shrinking
  As hid in my sheltering arms,
Swift shadows like clouds sweep over
  While tear-drops gather as rain,
And the sweet lips' sorrowful quiver
  Tenderness cannot retain.

*Birthday October 20th.

Earth-born, therefore subject to pain—
  Human, exposed to sin—
Arms everlasting and loving
  From harm close my darling in.
Her wonderful three-fold nature
  Ceaseless mystery covers,
There's something baffles possession,
  And invisible hovers

In unconscious grace of movement,
  In the winsome warbling tone
Which never knew written language,
  Which is neither speech nor song.
Ours—yet unknown—undetermined
  Her future—rocked to rest—
Love's white veil I drop with a prayer
  Lightly o'er my swinging nest.

GIRLHOOD.

A ripple of girlish laughter—
  Of merry voices a hum—
Confused elastic footsteps,
  And hither from school they come,
A half dozen blushing lasses
  With health and beauty aglow,
Which of the blue-eyed sisters
  Do you think is NELLIE now?

Can you trace her infant promise
  In her full and open brow?
Can you see the rose and lily
  Blend in her bloom just now?
This way, my daughter—here's a friend
  Who loved you in earlier days,

Greet her as dear love becometh,
  She's speaking already your praise.

Sit by me while we look backward,
  You cannot measure at all
What the swift years have been doing—
  She is fifteen and so tall.
Aye, a companion and helper,
  For not in stature alone
Have the good graces been lavish
  And she their favored one.

Pardon our natural feeling
  Of tender parental pride,
For she shares our mature counsels
  Helpful and buoyant beside.
With deft hands skillfully fashions
  Little devices of grace,
These ruffled wools on the mantel—
  This airy castle in place.

Her pure transparent complexion
  Symbols her innocence well,
Thought's swift expressions betraying
  No art or guile to conceal;
Questions important and weighty
  She has considered we know—
That she has reached wise conclusions
  We read in her peaceful brow.

She's pleased with tasteful attire,
  And treasures beautiful things,
But couples a happy temper
  With all that contentment brings.

Quiet—affectionate—meek—
  I fancy a year ago
Some silent mysterious change
  In her heart began to grow.

She had been hearing the story
  Oft told of Jesus so mild,
And some one tenderly asked her
  If she would not be His child;
She is reticent, and confession
  Not easily frames itself word—
I judge her daily demeanor
  More than anything I have heard.

'Tis pleasant to find her endowed
  With intellect keen and clear,
And shape her a brilliant future
  In places other than here;
As over the broad thoroughfare
  With modest self-possessed mein
E'en strangers are won in converse
  Of what she has thought and seen.

She is faithful to the fair band
  In week day and Sabbath class,
Together they sit and study
  Clasping each other they pass,
Merry, sportive, lithesome maidens
  Chatting, flitting joyously
Gathering the wayside honey
  For sweet uses by and by.

The home coming murmer rises
  Day fades in the golden West,

We gather its fresh surprises
  With ourselves into Home's loved nest;
Ere to our separate slumber
  Weary—we trustfully go
Touch the keys of Music, NELLIE,
  And voice their silvery flow.

CLOSING LIFE.

NELLIE is drooping—lethargy
  Over her quick senses creeps,
I'll hasten this dainty wrapper
  For she oft grows weary and sleeps.
To-day as she sat softly playing,
  A favorite plaintive air
Floating like far-away music
  And awed me with a vague fear.

Here is her last little fancy—
  A delicate zephyr mat—
The pattern she meant to improve
  I see she has raveled that.
A fluffy heap on the table
  She threw it carelessly by
Her fingers forget their wont cunning,
  Let it unfinished lie.

* * * * *

What augur these swift changing scenes?
  Uubidden—forbidden they come;
What dark wing of mystery broods
  Over our dear happy home?
Backward my thought strangely flutters
  To her helpless infancy,

Her head on my bosom is pillowed,
  Her fond love embraces me.

Unselfish—submissive—resigned,
  Her sweet and tender words come
Dropping balm on my aching heart
  Under this great sorrow dumb;
Just now a quick recognition
  Illumined her changing face,
But alas! she has fallen asleep
  Unheeding her Father's kiss.

Wistful—tearful—serious class
  To Sabbath lesson turning—
This hour has a difficult page
  For unaided human learning;
The shortest month in the circle,*
  Compresses a lifelong pain,
Out of our lives we have given
  Our NELLIE to God again.

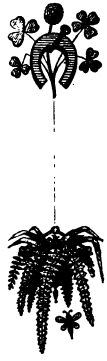
REQUIEM.

Make room in your secret chambers
  Ye roots of the sleeping flowers!
Our dear one seeks lowly exit
  To a fairer clime than ours;
White lies the snow o'er the valley,
  But on the far hill-top this morn†
The welcome incoming Sovereign
  The right royal Spring is born.

Sleep sweetly, beloved, in hope,
  As sure as from this dull clay

*Died February 23d. †Burial March 1st.

Shall visions of loveliness rise,
  Is your resurrection day;
The power which creates and renews
  The wonderful vistas we see,
Purposes deeper and higher
  Envelops in mystery.

Blessed lilies! brave lilies! weave
  Your living forms pure as snow
Into garlands and fragrant pillows
  Around—above—and below—
Fit emblems of love's devotion—
  Love's willing sacrifice prove,
Faith triumphing o'er the mortal
  Reposes in infinite love.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY, 1879.